Week ending May 19 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

Britain's NEW Place in the World

See A. G. GARDINER on Page 8

What! Danger in Jim's play?

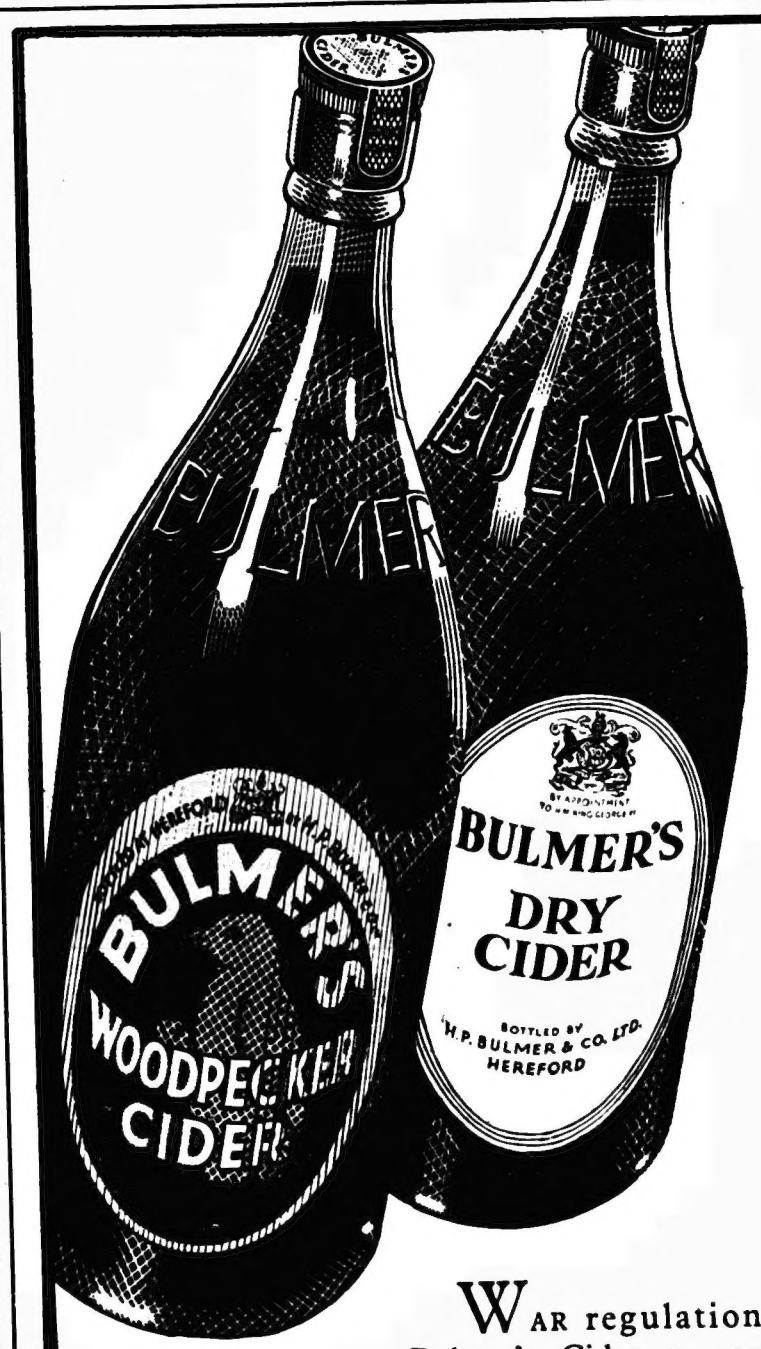
No, not as long as Mum relies on **Lifebuoy** to get rid of all the dirt and germs it carries too. That makes homes and families safe for health.

It's more than a good soap—it's a good habit!

2½d per tablet—1 coupon

L 403-690-55

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED



WAR regulations restrict Bulmer's Cider to certain areas. Soon we hope Bulmer's will once again be greeting old friends and making new ones everywhere.

Bulmer's CIDER

H. P. BULMER & CO LTD., HEREFORD

royds 75J.D.

Say it again!

If children are to be kept safe from accident (and perhaps from death) on the roads, constant repetition of the rules of road-safety is necessary. Teach continually . . . the alternative may be a lifetime of regret.

What do I do...?

I give my children regular instructions in "kerb drill" — and I keep at it until they follow these rules instinctively.

1. At the kerb, HALT.
2. Eyes right.
3. Eyes left.
4. Eyes right again. Then, IF THE ROAD IS CLEAR
5. Quick march.
6. Don't rush: cross in an orderly manner.

If I drive a car, I keep a special watch for children on the road.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

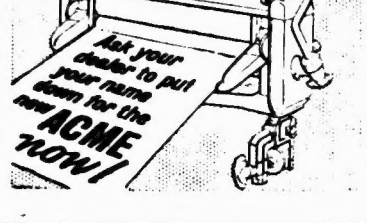
Cleans-and Protects

KH 103-961 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

For five years I've dreamed about my new home —

And as every woman will understand, most of my dreams have been about the kitchen I'd have. How I'm looking forward to my Acme! No wash-day terrors for me, with a wringer that's so easy to use and so easy on the clothes, too. I've seen blankets put through an Acme, and frail little baby clothes, too — and both come out just perfect.

Great news! The day when your dream will come true is drawing near. Soon now new, better-than-ever Acmes will be at your dealers. Lose no time! Be sure that you are among the first to get one of the new Acmes, for the whitest washes and the easiest wash-days you have ever known.



"I say, this is excellent!"

"Of course it is. It's White Horse." "*But this tastes like pre-war whisky.*" "That's just what it is." "*How do you mean?*" "Well, the White Horse you get today was growing old when the war was young. It takes years to bring whisky to such perfection." "*But this is the sixth year of war.*" "Oh, it's no secret. They laid down large stocks of White Horse in the days of plenty. That's why the White Horse you get today — when you're lucky — is still as fine as a fine liqueur."

WHITE HORSE

MAXIMUM PRICES:— *Bottles* 25/0; *Half-bottles* 13/6. *as fixed by* The Scotch Whisky Association.

HERE'S FOOD!

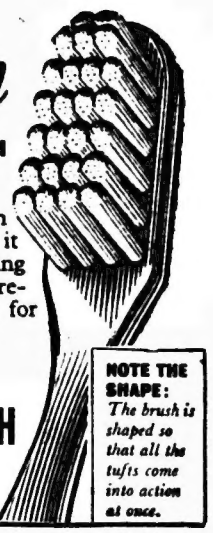
The nation's 'family' breakfast food. Pure wholewheat made good to eat and easy to serve and digest. Nourishes, sustains, energises, keeps you fit. Costs 8d. per packet (3 points). Zoned to save transport.

Made by the Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., WELwyn GARden City, Herts.

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT

It's a Wisdom

WAKE UP YOUR MOUTH WITH ITS TONIC TOUCH



TEST the Wisdom Toothbrush yourself. Feel how its anchored Nylon tufts spring into action the moment you start. See how much cleaner it leaves your teeth. Enjoy the fresh invigorating sparkle it gives to your mouth. Then you'll appreciate why more and more people are asking for Wisdom.

NOTE THE SHAPE: *The brush is shaped so that all the tufts come into action at once.*

Wisdom TOOTHBRUSH

OUTLASTS THREE ORDINARY BRUSHES

Made by Addis Ltd., makers of the first toothbrush in 1780

CYDER

WITH A NAME YOU KNOW "BEHIND" IT

Once there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. But Cyder, like many other things, is now zoned to save transport and labour. We can send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must unfortunately be denied it until zoning ends.

WHITEWAY'S CYDER ZONED

SCOTTISH OATS
and other luxuries

SHUT your eyes, open the larder door and think what peace will bring. There'll be golden oranges from Africa; exciting spices from the garden islands of the East; citron from the warm and peaceful Mediterranean; succulent lamb from the Welsh mountains; full-flavoured oats from the fertile fields of Scotland.

How you'd like more of those Scottish oats right now!

There will of course be more Scott's Porage Oats—the pick of the Scottish oat crop—as soon as restrictions are lifted. In fact there will be more than ever before: Scott's are arranging to increase their output. Then, everyone will have the chance to enjoy full-flavoured Scottish oats — the original cereal breakfast

Scott's *porage* Oats

SCOTTISH AND QUICKEST

FOOD

CADBURYS

BOURNVILLE COCOA

Hiking-biking-miking-

For strenuous exercise, and sitting around afterwards, Wool clothing is most comfortable and healthy. Comfortable because Wool absorbs perspiration without becoming damp; healthy because Wool keeps you from cooling off too quickly, and so prevents chills.

WOOL IS THE WORD FOR HEALTH

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat.

May 19 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 77 Number 2031 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

FIRST THINGS FIRST

WE BEGIN A NEW WAR. A cheerful, constructive war. A fight against the chaos in Europe and the razor-sharp shortages in our own land.

We have to press on in the march against our Far Eastern enemy. We have to help our liberated Allies to restore their means of livelihood, for we cannot survive if Europe starves.

Though not enough men and materials will be left over from these undertakings to meet all our needs, there will be sufficient for us to make an immediate start on the task of reconstructing Britain.

FOUR MILLION HOUSES are required to save our people from homelessness. We are desperately short of schools in which our children can be adequately trained to face the future. Building, then, is an absolute priority.

Six years' shortages have affected every household. Food, domestic goods and clothing must find a high place on our list.

These obvious necessities largely depend on economical distribution. The construction of rolling stock and the co-ordination of all forms of transport is another urgent order.

Most of our power derives from coal. To stop the slow rot in the mines, the drastic treatment of Nationalisation alone offers a sure remedy.

To switch industry over from war to peace production, factory equipment must be made an indispensable priority.

The list offers a formidable challenge. But remember that our output of war materials has been the greatest, in proportion to population, in the whole world.

We can accept the challenge in good heart, providing we resolve that no selfish interests shall hinder us and that we shall retain the controls by which the nation's first needs can be first met.

Let none deny us the tools with which to do the job!

The Editor

AND NOW IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE

Mischief-Makers and Russia. Shocks Await Japanese. Schools Awaken. Will German Refugees Return? Television Hitch. Cost of Whiter Bread. Risky Perms

NEW MEN and fresh ideas will swiftly emerge in the epoch that dawned as Nazism vanished into the shadows.

People not still dazed by this generation's shocking experiences are aware that we are entering on an era of tremendous constructive achievement—a period in which real men will feel it is good to be alive.

For there is so much to be done that is worth the doing. Immense forces loosed by science for war purposes cry out to be diverted to peace aims.

"Bolshie" Bacillus

Yet, as if men were not by now satiated with slaughter, small voices already raise questioning words about —Russia!

The old names and the hoary ideas take a long time to die, as *Hansard's* columns abundantly prove.

M.P.s who trifle with the idea of trying to rouse anti-Bolshevist feeling should read carefully the words of Mrs. Winston Churchill, quoted on page six of this issue.

Big Three Link

New times call for new men, and many people will applaud the idea that Walter Elliot should succeed Lord Halifax, soon coming home from the British Embassy in Washington.

To a man of culture like Elliot, once a Fabian Socialist, the Conservative Parliamentary Party must have seemed about as congenial as a working-men's club to a duchess.

The Russians liked Elliot when he went there recently as head of a Parliamentary delegation. His presence at Washington would do much to keep the Big Three Powers together.

Vox Populi

The "we shall have to fight the Soviets one day" mischief-makers will get a thunderous answer next week, when the Labour Party conference voices what ordinary folk are thinking about the Soviet people.

Conference will be strengthened by the presence of Attlee, fresh from first-hand contact with realities at San Francisco.

While it is more than likely that the conference delegates will include future statesmen of the front rank, it is not yet possible to identify them.

Election Bran-Tub

FEW, INDEED, are the well-known names on the lists of prospective Parliamentary candidates so far published by the leading Parties.

The coming general election is like a bran-tub from which the nation will draw—it knows not what!

First Elevens

Both the leading Parties can put up sufficiently impressive first elevens, though many of the members are perilously near the retiring age. Here they are (peers omitted):

Conservative: Churchill, Eden, Lyttelton, Butler, Hudson, Elliot, Law, Bracken, Macmillan, Willink, and one woman, Miss Horsbrugh.

Labour: Attlee, Bevin, Morrison, Cripps, Greenwood, Alexander, Dalton, Shinwell, Jowitt, Bevan, and again one woman, Dr. Summerskill.

Missing Reserves

LESS CONVINCING are the second elevens, both of which contain a good proportion of possible non-starters like Sir John Orr, W. J. Brown, Vernon Bartlett, Kenneth Lindsay and D. N. Pritt, none of whom could be expected to collaborate with a Conservative Cabinet, and some of whom may lose their seats unless they run as Labour.

IVONE KIRKPATRICK AS SEEN BY GEORGE WHITELAW

For Germany

This man (remember how he was called to identify Hess when the latter arrived by 'plane) will be one of Germany's new rulers. Some weeks may elapse before the Allied Control Commission, on which he will me Britain's chief civil representative, takes over. Its headquarters may not, after all, be in Berlin. Frankfort-on-Main is now favoured

To A. Johnston and Sir A. Duncan, who have been purposely omitted. Labour's is the more promising of the two—though it is always possible that the luck of the polls may adjust the position favourably to the Conservatives:

Labour: Noel Baker, Arthur Henderson, John Wilmot, Tom Williams, Moelwyn Hughes, Fred Bellenger, Ivor Thomas, George Tomlinson, Chuter Ede, F. G. Bowles, Ellis Smith.

Conservative: Sir John Anderson, Llewellin, Amery, Sandys, Stanley, Boothby, Crookshank, W. S. Morrison, Randolph Churchill, Osbert Peake, David Eccles.

Also Rans

Liberals of both contending factions, even if they joined forces, would be hard put to it to find a first eleven; and it is not easy to see Sinclair, Beveridge and Dingle Foot working with Ernest Brown.

Besides, the prospects of all Liberal candidates at the coming poll are best expressed by a very large question mark, for the electors obviously regard the fight as between Labour and Tory.

Some fine Independent brains in the present House are worthy of inclusion in a Labour first eleven. They include

JOHN BULL INSURANCE

Even before the war in this country over £10,000,000 havoc was wrought yearly by FIRE—a menace to households for which Social Insurance makes no provision.

"John Bull" offers readers a £1,000 free Fire Insurance and many other valuable Household Benefits.

Victory Highway

IT'S COMING TO JAPAN—but from what direction? Major-General W. W. Foster could tell, if only he would talk.

Foster is Special Commissioner for Defence Projects in North-West Canada. "Canada's most popular soldier" was Vancouver's Chief Constable when war came in 1939.

This Bristol man went West in 1894, is sixty-nine, mountaineer, cricketer, and superb horseman.

Tokyo Short Cut

What has Foster to do with Japan? He runs the area through which passes the Alaska Highway—short cut from eastern U.S.A. arsenals and northern Canada oil wells to Alaska's coast, which, to the Japanese, must seem uncomfortably near Tokyo.

May to October is the growing season in Alaska, time of the year when the mists of those regions can screen massive naval movements in the North Pacific.

How different from the South-West Pacific, where the monsoon has just begun! Slim's Fourteenth Army will find the road from Burma to Siam (it's jungle, really, not road) hard going: 80 deg. by day, 70 deg. by night, rains lasting till October, with steamy intervals.

Reborn Region

FOSTER administers mountainous open spaces which, silent and still since the human tragedies of the 1898 Klondike gold rush, have sprung to life with the advent of the highway from Alberta to Alaska.

Parallel with nearly 1,600 miles of gravel road is the airway: 'dromes every 200 miles, lesser stations every 100 miles, radio range facilities every mile.

And 1,600 miles of pipe-line link the Norman petroleum wells, on the Mackenzie River along Canada's Arctic Circle, with Alaska's seaboard.

Foster, in friendly accord with his United States colleagues, runs the whole show.

Japanese Nightmare

Can Japan's submarines stop the flow of Pittsburg-built tanks and Detroit-made landing craft along that military artery? No more than her airplanes can prevent Norman oil getting to the ocean!

Nearest Alaska ports—for Alaska includes the Aleutian chain of islands—are less than 1,500 miles from Hokkaido, northernmost of Japan's main islands, or from southern Sakhalin, which Japan took in 1905 from the Tsar of All the Russias.

The monsoon may do its worst to Slim; but something is brewing very soon for Japan, just the same.

Ill-Equipped

VICE-ADMIRAL DANIEL E. BARBEY, who commands the U.S. Seventh Amphibious Force, contrasts the equipment of the Australians who landed on Tarakan, off Borneo, unfavourably with their courage and leadership.

Supplies were held up, he says, because pontoons were too short. Engineers, using their hands, took three days

"CAN I DO YER NOW SIR?"

over a job that could have been done in half a day with proper tools.

If Barbey is right, what has happened to the unified command in the Pacific?

Young Britain

BRIGHTEST HOPE of a better future is the advent of a broadened education system under the new Act. Best way to honour our war dead is to see that fullest effect is given to the Act's provisions.

Great is the responsibility of education authorities. Ardent spirits for whom there is no longer the opportunity of military service may serve their country by taking up local government as a hobby.

Greater still is the responsibility of teachers, whose profession from now on will demand the nation's noblest characters and best brains.

Teachers' Task

Secondary education, starting for all children at about age eleven, will be of three types. Grammar, modern and technical schools will cater for differing abilities, aptitudes and interests.

Teachers will make careful records of each individual pupil in the early stages so that, if desirable, the child may, in good time, be transferred to the right type of school. This job must be done with sympathy as well as sense.

Records will have immense value when it comes to choosing the youngster's profession.

No Utility Stuff

Two points stressed by the Ministry in its new pamphlet, "The Nation's Schools" (Stationery Office, 6d.), show that the authorities appreciate the cultural as well as the vocational aspect of schooling.

The aim of the modern schools, it says, is "not to produce little engineers or builders," but to send out pupils with a good general education.

And special consideration is to be given to children of marked artistic aptitude.

Young Germany

TEXT-BOOKS for German elementary and higher schools are to be printed here and in America, but months must pass before the institutions get into working order.

The only schools so far working at Aachen are the kindergartens, where the text-books are fairy stories printed, of course, in German.

Religious instruction in the town is mostly left to Roman Catholic priests, from whom the Nazis have been carefully eliminated.

Back to the Reich

MRS. IRMGARD LITTEN has taken a brave decision, from which much good may come.

Anti-Nazi refugee here since pre-war days, she is going home to Germany "as one of those who want to bear witness to the faith with which Britain was defended."

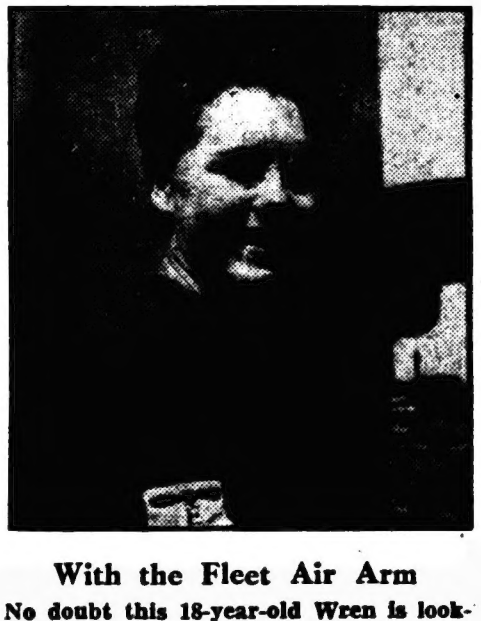
If more refugees here and in America —scientists, architects, doctors, painters —will take the hard course and go back home, they may do much to leaven with decency what Nazism has left of the German people.

Dachau Tragedy

Mrs. Litten's tragic story has been forgotten in the rush of stupendous events. Before Hitler got power, her son Hans, rising lawyer, defended Socialists and Communists against whom political charges were brought.

The day after the Reichstag fire he was arrested and interned without charge other than that of "being a Communist"—which he was not, either by membership or conviction.

More than 100 British lawyers later protested to Hitler because the Nazis at Dachau concentration camp tortured Litten to get evidence that would condemn his former clients. He died in Dachau.



With the Fleet Air Arm

No doubt this 18-year-old Wren is looking forward to her release. And no doubt she and most other women in the Services will find themselves in need of an entirely new wardrobe. Their issue of clothing coupons will be quite inadequate. It should be increased—and, as shown on page 5, the supply of clothing should be treated as a priority

Prison Code

MAN'S INHUMANITY to man, as revealed in Nazi torture camps, prompts W. W. Astor, Conservative M.P. and son of Lady Astor, to advocate a world code regulating the treatment of all prisoners, criminal or political.

Such code prescribing minimum conditions of diet, working hours and accommodation, would have to be enforced by an international inspectorate with full powers of visit.

Here is one job for the world organisation to be created at San Francisco.

Television Ban

JAMES C. PETRILLO (the C. stands for Cæsar), powerful leader of the American Federation of Musicians, has barred his members from appearing in televised shows until further notice.

James C. is not to be laughed at. Last year saw the end of America's longest strike, which he won hands down, netting £1,000,000 a year for his union in royalties from the gramophone firms.

His television ban affects Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby and other big shots. Maybe the television companies, like the gramophone chiefs, will have to cry "Hail, Cæsar!"

Marie Lloyd II

PAT KIRKWOOD, now entering on her £250,000 Hollywood contract, is one of the British theatre's most vivacious figures, a second Marie Lloyd.

She came from Withington, Manchester suburb adjoining Didsbury, where many of the locals still remember Robert Donat as a member of amateur dramatic companies.

Rehearsal Pay

Though the theatrical profession is far better off than it was, it still has its genteel poverty.

Some professionals continue to rehearse for a fortnight without pay and then play a week of the show before "treasury."

Whiter Bread

LEWELLIN, Food Minister, pleads in the House of Commons "bread and flour more acceptable to many people" as justification for reducing the extraction rate of wheat from 85 per cent. to 80 per cent.—the effect of which is to give a whiter loaf at the expense of the loaf's health-giving properties.

He admits the State will have to pay £1,500,000 a year more for milling an additional 325,000 tons of wheat in exchange for 325,000 tons of animal feeding stuffs.

The millers, he says, will not get the money because they are "on a management fee" throughout the war. But afterwards?

Food Secrets

WRONG MOVE is the Food Ministry's order under which there need be no declaration of the ingredients on ice-cream, canned vegetables and—for a limited period—custard powder.

Food is about the last thing in the world that should be made a mystery.

Child Racket

BABY FARMERS are getting away with it merely by suborning the mothers to deny that they have paid any money.

No action lies against a suspect unless it can be proved she has acted for gain.

One medical officer of health, up against this defence, tells us he has had to abandon several of his projected prosecutions.

Perm. and Derm.

WOMEN who go in for cold permanent waving do so at their own risk.

Some of the formulæ, for which hairdressers are paying as much as £50, contain chemicals that can produce skin trouble—though what will give Mary a dermatitis may not affect Jane.

Cold perms. are the rage in America, where new processes dispense with heat, electricity, and even mechanical apparatus. But allergic women pay a price they didn't bargain for.

Soccer Salaries

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALLERS want a guaranteed £10 a week all the year round for First Division players.

The average player lasts ten years, if he is lucky enough to avoid bad accidents.

Getting into football seems heaven for many of the pros., recruited from factory or mine; but there is more glamour than substance. Contrast the harvest reaped by football pool promoters!

House Offered

RENT FREE for six months! That is the bait held out to "man and wife willing to act as housekeepers to Italian co-operators."

The same issue of the *Tonbridge Free Press* records the sale for £1,775 of a pre-war £650 bungalow.

Dog Prices

EIRE finds the export of racing greyhounds to England very profitable just now, and four figures are common.

Even ordinary animals capable of passing the necessary time tests for grading are fetching £350 where before the war they would have been £50 apiece.

Not So Phoney

SIXTEEN MILES of telephone wire have just been laid over North Carolina's Great Smoky Mountains in less than seven minutes by a cargo aeroplane flying at 1,500 to 5,000 ft.

This, says *Science*, involved the use of eight boxes each containing two miles of wire spliced to form a single unit of sixteen miles.

The wire, led through a long metal tube, was attached to a chain and parachute tossed from the 'plane's side door. Four men did the whole job.

Epsom Salts

EXPERIMENTS, just made public in the American Pacific State of Oregon, much increased the gooseberry crop through the application of Epsom salts (magnesium sulphate) to soil known to be deficient in magnesium.

Our war effort was a brilliantly successful experiment in nation-wide team work. Our jobs were more secure, our factories more productive, our fields more fertile, our children better fed. If we could achieve all this and beat Hitler too, then

Nothing is Impossible in Peace

WHEN WE WERE TOLD that on and after November 16, 1944, the sale of ice-cream in Great Britain would once again be permitted, the news had an importance far beyond our general liking for blocks, wafers and cornets.

It was a sign, one of several, that the turning-point was at hand.

With each month of the war, restrictions had multiplied. Now came relaxation. The machinery of mobilisation was at last "in reverse."

During the war of 1914-1918 our "Call-up" was spasmodic and disorderly; but the "Dismiss" was far worse. The marshalling of our war effort had been desperately slow. The rush back towards the good old days was chaotic and disastrous.

This time things have been different. There have been mistakes in plenty, no doubt, but few fundamental errors. Man-power and production capacity have been steadily mustered.

Experiment in Socialism

This tremendous re-gearing of our national machinery was, in effect, a vast experiment in Socialism. Many of the war factories were Government owned, all were Government controlled. Food was distributed according to need, not according to income.

Money still talked, of course, and the failure of the authorities to tackle the Black Market must remain one of the strangest social phenomena of the war; but the poorest child was given free orange-juice, milk, and other necessities of growth, which the richest citizen could not legally purchase.

Once again we started late. But as soon as the National Government was formed, in which experienced Labour ministers served under Churchill, there was a systematic pouring of national power into right channels.

Even in an age when long lines of noughts no longer dazzle, our war time turn-over of man-power stands out as unbelievably colossal.

In the five years ending June, 1944, the total number of men and women in the Services and civil employment rose from 18½ to 22 millions. In this total no man over 64 or woman over 59 is included.

Our 22 million man/woman-power force was in three main groups.

The first, Services, civil defence, shipbuilding, and munitions—*that is, our direct war effort*—totalled 10,300,000 men and women.

Building, civil engineering, textile and other industries, together with the distributive workers—*construction, manufacture, and distribution*, briefly sums it up—employed 6 million persons.

Man-power Budget

Agriculture, mining, public utility services, rail and road traffic, shipping, with the food, drink and tobacco industries—*food, fuel, transport*, say for short—accounted for just under 6 million workers.

In these three sections, not only was every man and woman fully and usefully employed, but the aim was to employ each human unit at maximum usefulness.

Economists ceased to talk about pounds, shillings and pence. Only manpower and raw materials concerned them now. The nation's most precious possessions—man- and woman-hours—were hoarded with cautious, even miserly, precision.

Ernest Bevin spoke of the national "man-power budget"—it was his job to check with the utmost care our expenditure of human effort. The claims of one service or trade were balanced against those of the others. Our country's need was the only standard by which production was judged.

Practice, of course, often fell short of theory. Sometimes men turned up at a site to find the materials held up and nothing for them to do. Here and there a production bottleneck kept thousands temporarily idle.

Workers thus placed were apt to blame controls for the delay, not seeing that such hold-ups were statistically unimportant compared with our impressive total achievement.

The Greatest Ever

Those who complained forgot that the Government had a job on its hands incomparably vaster than anything private enterprise ever tackled, and was combatting enemy action as well as production troubles.

The State, under pressure of war, abandoned private enterprise, because wars demand maximum national efficiency, which can never be obtained by a system based on competitive struggle for profit.

Production totals rocketed. In agriculture, for example—an area of effort in which quick increase of returns is notably difficult to accomplish—five years of planned husbandry gave astonishing results.

Home-grown wheat, barley and potatoes showed crops slightly more than doubled; of fruit, half as much again was produced; of sugar-beet and vegetables, more than one-third as much again.

As for milk, despite desperate shortage of foodstuffs, quality was maintained and gallonage up one-third.

All this, while much of our good level ground was taken over for Army training, for airfields, for defence zones.

Through the war years we have watched the tide of comfort and plenty receding; in the years ahead it will flow in steadily Eventually it must reach higher levels than ever before.

The War Office gave advance orders that all demobilisation depots should be ready by April 1, 1945. They were not far out. By the end of this month our men will be returning.

Class A will get 56 days' "release leave" during which time they may claim reinstatement in their old jobs or take training and fit themselves for new work.

Class B will be given 21 days' leave and then directed to reconstruction projects.

They will be given some freedom of movement within the reconstruction schedules, but if they leave this type of employment will be called up for further Army service immediately. They will not, however, forfeit their right of reinstatement in their peace time jobs when their period of reconstruction work is ended.

This control of labour is drastic. It can be justified only if industrialists are subjected to an equal measure of control.

So far as is known at present, the resumption of peace time industry will be in four main stages:—

(1) The building and household equipment industries.

(2) The clothing industry.

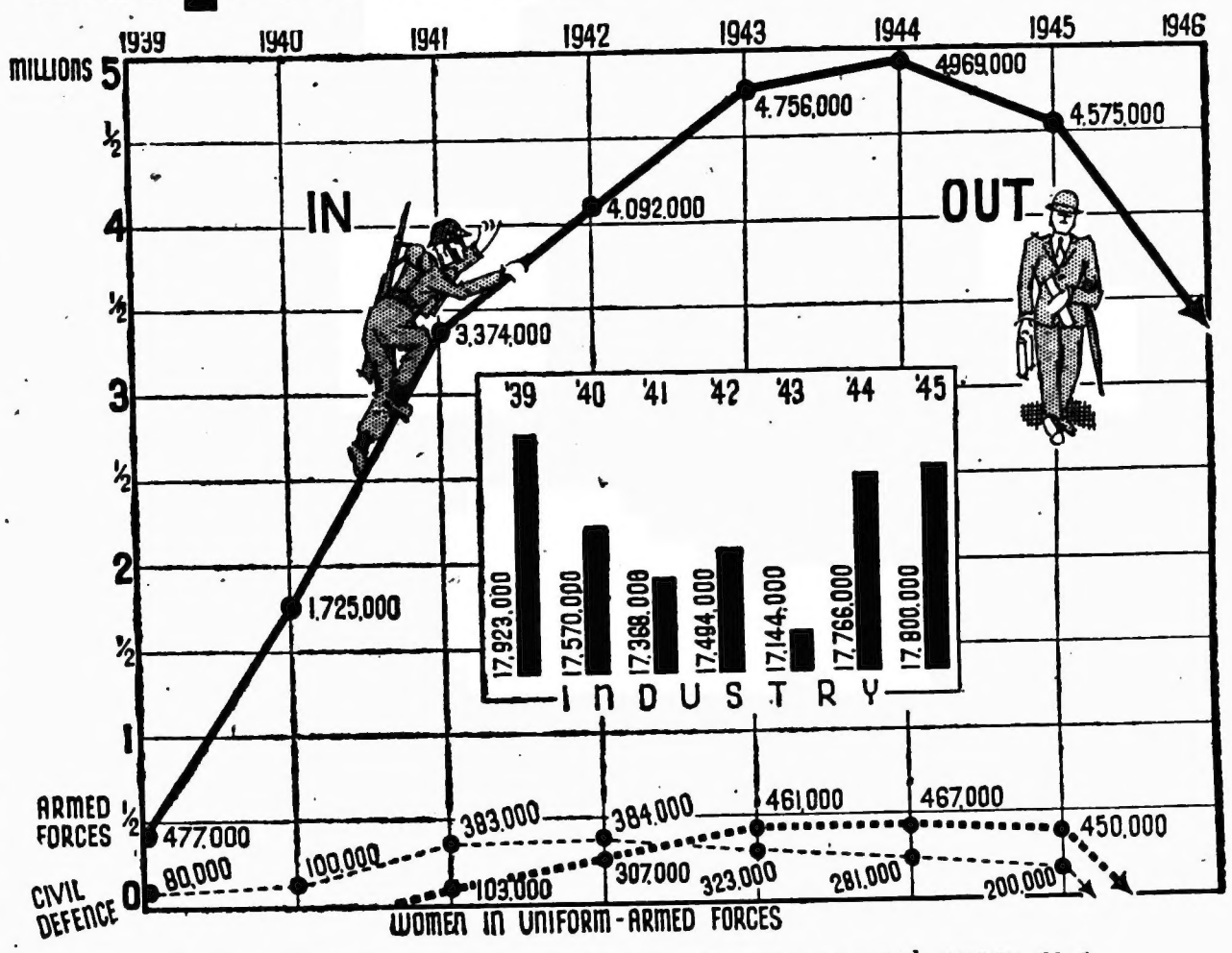
(3) Manufacture of cars, bicycles, refrigerators, sewing machines, clocks, typewriters, radio sets.

(4) Luxury trades—including sports gear, gramophones, fancy furniture, and similar fittings.

Already there has been a call for continued "discipline" during the change-over. But those who use this word most freely are apt to think it applies only to the workers.

We must see to it that in our steady progress back to pre-war standards, and then to levels far beyond them, the industrial magnates, the men in the City who "know a thing or two," get their share of discipline as well.

CLIFFORD TROKE.



During the "IN" years, our aim was to use every man and woman as a priceless asset. We can afford no lesser standard in the "OUT" years now begun

OPEN LETTERS

Sir Harold made a mistake

Sir Harold Richard Scott,

Commissioner-Designate of Metropolitan Police

DEAR SIR HAROLD,—I trust that when you take office very shortly you will restrain the police from foolish conduct.

Could anything have been worse timed than the raid of Special Branch officers on the spectators who chose to listen to the trial of the four anarchists at the Old Bailey?

In the hour of our victory over the worst Police State the world ever saw, policemen, taking it for granted, these persons might be "dangerous," inspect their identity cards and record the particulars.

Who are the police to take on themselves to decide what may or may not be "dangerous" politics? Such gross and purposeless violation of civil liberties was good enough for Nazi Germany, but it nauseates free Britain.

If anyone thinks *Gestapo* methods are going down here, they will soon be disillusioned. The nation that defied Hitler's *blitz* and overthrew the Fascist Dictators will know how to make short work of police busybodies.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Alfred Denville, M.P.,

Newcastle

DEAR SIR,—I appreciate the kindly generosity that prompted you to give £5 to every mother in your constituency who had a baby on VE-Day. No doubt the money was welcome.

But isn't there another side to it? Possibly your prospective opponent, whoever he may be, could not afford to do such a thing. Inevitably, some people will say during the election: "Denville gave the VE-Day mothers a £5 note. The other man didn't. So Denville's the candidate to vote for."

I am quite sure you have not calculated on any such thing, though you must know it is bound to happen. And that sort of element is unhealthy in a political democracy, for it introduces false values. It makes a candidate's personal bank balance of more account than the carefully planned policy of his Party.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Will Lawther,

President, Mineworkers' Union

DEAR MR. LAWTHER,—Coal dearer by 3s. 6d. a ton brings home to us all how urgent is the problem of Britain's coal mines: or rather of the mineowners' coal mines. For they are not Britain's property at all, although this nation's industrial prosperity depends on an abundance of cheap coal.

Your Union, with the T.U.C. and Labour Party, is working out a plan for nationalisation. The general election will decide between your plan and the rival scheme of Mr. Robert Foot, mineowners' man.

The public mistrusts the Foot scheme, under which the industry would be run by a Central Coal Board put up by the owners but with no direct voice for consumers or miners.

Cotton and shipbuilding have taught us that those who aim to get new profits out of a decaying industry are apt to ignore the public interest. To keep prices up, they destroy productive capacity but do little to modernise plant.

The Reid Committee of technical experts confirmed everything the critics had been saying about the coal industry's backwardness—which, and not wage demands by miners, is the cause of the recent 3s. 6d. price rise.

"Collieries," say the experts, "must be amalgamated under single managements, if greater output is to be planned properly." But to the owners each pit is a separate "business" with its own title-deeds, its own balance-sheet!

"Wholesale re-equipment with modern machinery is needed," say the experts. But the owners, "in business for profit," are not going to invest £300,000,000 with no hope of a return for years!

I know that under a single State ownership the grouping of the pits and the raising of the capital would become possible. So it's up to you to produce a detailed workable scheme in time for the election.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. Winston Churchill,

Back from Russia

MADAM,—Nothing but good can come from your visit to the Soviet Union. This country could not have chosen a more worthy ambassador, or one more likely to strike a responsive chord in the affections of those brave people, our Russian allies.

It was a proud occasion for you when, in the Kremlin at the moment of victory, you were decorated with the Order of the Red Banner, fitting recognition of the unflagging ardour you have devoted to the Aid for Russia Fund, with which your name will long be associated.

The common people of these islands, in whose esteem Russia to-day stands higher than ever before in all history, will react warmly to the feelings aroused in your own heart by what you saw in the course of your visit to the Soviet Union: feelings you summed up in these memorable words:—

"I have noted the intense veneration of Russia for science and learning and every form of art, and also the wonderful position achieved by women in such a short time. Wherever you go in Russia you find tremendous love and care lavished on children."

Your words to the Moscow Press correspondents on Victory Day deserve, too, the widest circulation:—

"Unless the friendship established during the war between the Soviet Union and the English-speaking peoples continues, increases and deepens, the world will enjoy little happiness in the immediate future. By immediate future I mean the lives of our children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren."

And so say all of us! I pray that your statesmanlike sentiments may echo and re-echo throughout Britain and the United States, as well as in Russia.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

SECURITY

MANKIND IS TO-DAY ENGAGED on a search for security: for security in the international field—which means freedom from war: and for security in the economic field—which means freedom from want.

There is no doubt at all that the world is terribly sincere in this search. A common denominator of misery has at last united men and women everywhere towards the same goal.

Yet do we realise exactly what security, if we do achieve it, is going to involve?

Plato said: "No man can be perfectly secure against wrong unless he has become perfectly good": and cities are like individuals in this. For a city, if good, has a life of peace; but if evil, a life of war within and without.

There is a fine irony in the fact that it was a German, the poet Goethe, who spoke what is perhaps the ultimate truth on this subject. When he was asked if wars would ever cease, he replied: "Yes, when all governments are good, and all citizens are intelligent."

Now the point is, that no one, no man and no combination of men, can give us security. We must achieve it ourselves. And to achieve it we must be ready to sacrifice some measure of liberty of thought and action.

Freedom in the broadest sense means essentially the liberty, not only to choose but to choose wrongly. From now on we must so discipline ourselves that if we retain the liberty to choose wrongly we must want, and want passionately, to choose right.

We must learn to sink petty thoughts and petty desires, to be willing to give up individualistic ideas if necessary for corporate ones, to think in terms of humanity instead of in terms of ourselves.

Argument

The Government's plans to use 250,000 German prisoners to help rebuild Britain. Is this wise?

SHOULD WE USE GERMAN SLAVE LABOUR?

Yes

1. The Germans have destroyed; they must rebuild. They have enslaved; they must themselves be made slaves.
2. To get reparations in kind from Germany we must either restart her industries—a dangerous step—or use her labour in ours.
3. The Germans are a disciplined people. Farmers report them to be excellent workers. Since there will be nowhere they can escape to, guards need not be numerous.
4. German prisoners of Nazi mentality must have it sweated out of them before returning home.
5. Absence of menfolk will keep down the German birthrate. They used this weapon against France.
6. Our resources are strained by the war. Merely to roof our nation adequately we shall need all the labour we can get.
7. The war with Japan continues. The Germans, who made Japan's attack possible, must help defeat it.

No

1. Our prisons have never shown a profit. Why should concentration camps?
2. Slavery is economic only for huge single projects. To rebuild Britain innumerable small working parties, all heavily guarded, would be required.
3. Where does "Rebuilding" stop? We are a capitalist nation competing with others. What will be their view of production costs subsidised, even indirectly, by slave labour?
4. The cheap labour force might be used by a reactionary Government to depress British workers' living standards—if for no worse purpose.
5. Germans must be either exterminated or re-educated. You cannot educate forced-labour gangs to the virtues of free-living!
6. Men work for reward, or through fear of punishment—*i.e.*, systematic brutality. If we started using this method on the Germans, we should soon find Capital using it against Labour.
7. Russia has vast spaces, huge social projects, and a non-profit-making system. She can thus use forced labour; we cannot.

BEWARE

Young Nazis are bad enough. The problem of German women is harder still. Dare we let them rear another generation of S.S. bullies?

The German Woman

WHEN WE THINK OF THE NAZI PARTY we think of brown shirts and swastikas—gangsters in jackboots preaching the superiority of the German race, and displaying it in bullying, and torture, and bad faith. In point of fact, Hitler's most fanatical supporters were not the men but the women of Germany.

We used to hear tales of morale cracking among German women—riots in food queues, disturbances in air raid shelters, refusal to report for work, defeatist letters written to men at the front.

It is true that many German women gave way to nerves under the pressure of overwork, privation and bombing and the long strain of losing a war. It is not true that the German women as a whole lost their faith in Hitler.

They Still Believed

Right up to the end three out of five of their letters to brothers and husbands at the front still expressed blind loyalty to the Nazi régime. "I cannot believe that God will permit us Germans to be governed by murderers like the Russians and others. I hope that God will keep the Fuehrer healthy, for we are sure that he alone can bring the war to a victorious conclusion."

That was from an officer's wife. Here is another passage in a letter from North-Eastern Germany. "Only complete confidence in our final victory and in our leader keeps me going—that, and the belief that you, my dear husband, will return to me, healthy and victorious. . . ."

In the end it was the army that broke down. With its defeat, the Nazi system of regimentation will be abolished for good. But the women did not give in, and it is the women who will have to bring up the new generation of German children. What are they going to teach them in their homes?

For months before VE-Day the Goebbels propaganda machine was hard at work preparing the women of Germany to accept defeat as merely a temporary setback, telling them it was their task to carry over Nazi principles into the new era. Plans were being laid for starting apparently innocuous organisations, athletic clubs, cooking and sewing circles, which will be nothing but new Nazi cells honeycombing post-war Germany.

Even now there are Nazi-trained women haunting the streets of the conquered towns or establishing themselves in big business and political circles, ready to meet the armies of occupation and seduce them to leniency for a "poor, misunderstood Germany."

Correspondents have described the young Nazi prisoners of the S.S., sullen and arrogant even in defeat, impervious to all reasonable argument, determined to carry on a bitter and fanatical struggle by every possible underground activity.

The problem of this warped generation of young men is difficult enough. The problem of the women will be more difficult still.

Female Sadists

It is no accident that the women of Germany were the most devoted supporters of the Nazi power. Hitler and his associates knew what they were doing. They were calling for blind faith, for unquestioning obedience, for pure unreasoning mysticism. They were in fact founding a new religion, and the backbone of any religion, however misguided, is the faith and loyalty of its women adherents.

The men of the Nazi Party are swaggering bullies, the worst of them sadists and cold-blooded torturers. There were women sadists also. The whole story has not yet been told of the part which female warders played in the atrocities at Belsen, Dachau and Buchenwald.

But these women were a minority. They can be weeded out and punished—as they should be punished—along with the other war criminals.

Young and old alike worshipped Hitlerism. We must make them feel as we do about arrogance and cruelty

Hitler—"Mystic Fiancé"

The real problem is what to do with the countless German women who admire brute strength and arrogance, who like men to assert their superiority by kicking the weak and defenceless in the face, who believe in the glory of war and the superiority of the German race, and who find their greatest satisfaction in abject submission to a lordly and tyrannical husband.

The last war left millions of German women with no hope of a husband or a home of their own. Out of the whole male population of the country over 7,000,000 had become war casualties, 6,500,000 were unemployed.

The Nazi régime got rid of unemployment by drafting men into the army and starting huge war factories. It tackled the problem of surplus women by preaching the necessity for children—marriage or no marriage.

Hitler promised the German women "bread with honour," and insisted that the bearing of children was the supreme service they could render to the fatherland. At the same time he himself became a sort of emotional substitute for the missing sweethearts and husbands. He combined the rôle of a religious prophet with the sex glamour of a matinée idol. He became the great bachelor hero, the mystic national fiancé.

To the married women, he offered a glorification of home and housewife. They were no longer allowed to hold political office, and, until they were needed in the factories, they were discouraged from taking up a career. But they were enrolled by the million in the *Frauenschaft*, and dedicated to the maintenance of the Home Front.

Their value was measured, not by intelligence and initiative, but by obedience and devotion to the Fuehrer.

And so the German women were moulded, first by centuries of faithful service and submission to the most arrogant husbands in Europe, then by a decade of concentrated Nazi indoctrination, to be the proud mothers and docile wives of a ruthless army dedicated to aggression and the conquest of the world.

What are we going to do with them?

Are we going to leave them to bring up yet another generation of S.S. bullies pledged from infancy to plunge the world into yet another war?

Worship of Arrogance

This time there will be even more surplus women, and the Nazi sex doctrines will not disappear overnight. The need for children will seem more than ever important after the enormous slaughter of six years of war. If hunger and want and unemployment are added, the desire for "revenge" will grow.

Somehow we must bring the German women to feel as we feel about arrogance and brutality, to despise men who trample on the weak, to see through the glamour of war, and to admire honesty and kindness and fair play.

Only last year a Swiss paper—the *Basler National Zeitung*—told this story of an old lady in Munich. She was seventy years old, the wife of a publisher called Bruckman, and she was complaining to a Swiss friend of the "inhuman cruelty of the Americans who bombed children's hospitals in Germany."

The Swiss insisted that if any Allied bombs fell on German hospitals it was by accident. But in any case the Germans had no right to complain of anything the Allies did after their own record of terrorism and frightfulness. "The whole world knows," he said, "that the Germans have wantonly murdered hundreds of thousands of children in the countries they occupied."

The old lady stared at him. Then she drew herself up haughtily and replied in a voice trembling with indignation, "How can you compare what the Germans have done with the acts of the Americans? Our men were only dealing with Jews. I'm talking now about German children."

There in one single example is the worst problem which the Allies will have to face in the post-war German woman. It will take at least a generation to solve it: perhaps longer. It will mean starting in the schools and the young people's organisations. It will mean using films and magazines and radio and every possible organ of propaganda.

Beside it the other tasks of catching and punishing war criminals, of stamping out the Nazi Party, of disbanding the army, supervising industry and keeping Germany disarmed, even of dealing with the most fanatical Nazi males, will be comparatively simple.

Perhaps in the end the women may change their minds. If so, they can save Germany. But if not, they are capable of preventing, perhaps for ever, the emergence of a peaceful Germany.

ALBERT BRANDT.

Britain's NEW Place in the

By virtue of her position Britain finds herself a mighty pillar supporting the bridge which links the old world with the new. She may be called upon to exercise a new kind of leadership

says A. G. GARDINER

WITH THE NAZI CONSPIRACY utterly destroyed, Europe a heap of rubble and the world in the melting-pot, the nations are scurrying about to find their way out of the universal chaos.

In the search for a place in the new order that must emerge, no country has more at stake than the British Commonwealth. What is to be our place?

It will not be the place we held in the world that has gone. In that world Britain held the effective if not the titular leadership.

"Time and the ocean and some fostering star
In high cabal have made us what we are"

wrote William Watson in the days before the storm came. And with all our faults we led the world justly, tolerantly, and to its advantage. Of the truth of that let Santayana, the Spanish-American philosopher, be the witness. Speaking of the English in his "Soliloquies in England," he said:

> "Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master. It will be a black day for the human race when scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls and fanatics manage to supplant him."

It was envy of our leadership and the determination to snatch it from us that was the basic motive of the "conspirators and fanatics" of Germany in twice setting the world in flames.

It is true that our position in the world will be changed by the catastrophic events of this war. In some measure our financial and commercial leadership was shaken by the last war, and the effects of this struggle may be expected to be vastly more serious.

Our Great Assets

But they will not be wholly adverse. Our free institutions and our adventurous spirit give us a power of adjustment to the changing conditions of life that only one other Power in the world equals. And the hunger of humanity all over the earth for the commodities of life will for years to come be so clamorous that new channels of trade will replace the channels which have been closed or diverted.

With wisdom and good will in control of our industry, there should be no reason to take a gloomy view of our commercial future.

And if in a material sense there is ground for confidence, there is equal reason for cheerfulness in the moral sphere.

The leadership of the world will not be ours again in such measure as it was throughout the 19th century, but the influence of the English-speaking world in the affairs of mankind should not be less.

For it may well be that the most momentous consequence of this war is the final reconciliation and co-operation of the two great English-speaking peoples.

Not least of the immense services rendered by Mr. Churchill (himself half an American) has been the new chapter his close friendship with the great and good man President Roosevelt has opened in our relations with the United States.

In the furnace of the war our two nations have been welded into a single purpose that should never again be torn asunder.

And if the British Commonwealth and the American Commonwealth march resolutely in step in regard to the affairs of the world, the peace of mankind, and the prosperity of mankind are assured.

They will exercise the leadership of the world, not by conquest, as Germany sought to do, but by virtue of their inherent powers and resources.

And they will exercise it in that spirit of freedom and equal rights for all which, in giving security to each, will threaten the liberation of none.

The collaboration of the British and American Commonwealths has achieved something else.

It has built a bridge of comradeship and understanding between the two great Western Democracies and the Russian Commonwealth.

Washington - London - Moscow is henceforth the backbone of the structure of the world.

In the war, the Big Three of the earth have learned to know and trust one another. They have realised their united strength and their common interest.

Together they have destroyed the enemy of mankind.

Together they can establish the reign of peace, law and justice among mankind.

Another aspect of this co-operation of the English-speaking systems must be noted. This war has been a struggle between two ideals of human government.

On one side, despotism and the sword; on the other, self-government and reason. In other terms: Totalitarianism and Parliamentarianism.

Mussolini stated the issue long ago when he said: "We have tamed Parliamentarianism .... Fascism has already trodden, and will calmly tread again, on the more or less decaying corpse of the Goddess of Liberty."

Well, the issue has been fought out. And it is not the Goddess of Liberty who is the corpse. It is Nazism and its brother Fascism which lie like foul carrion over the face of Europe to-day.

Parliamentarianism has shown, not only that it is the creed for peace, but that it is the

e world

creed for war. It hates war and, for that reason, is ordinarily badly prepared for war.

But when war is forced upon it it draws upon a reservoir of human will, resource and passion that make it invincible.

The idea of Parliamentary government has been the greatest contribution this country has made to civilisation. Up to 1914 we were justified in thinking that it had conquered the world.

But it was only skin deep in countries like Germany, Italy and Japan, and with the rise of the dictatorships it perished before the evil creed of Totalitarianism and lightning war.

That creed is now stone dead—trampled in the dust by a triumphant Parliamentarianism. And the lesson that self government is the best guarantee of national security should henceforth be the indelible gospel of mankind.

Chance for Leadership

Above all, it should be strengthened in our own minds. There are those who gibe at Parliament and some (who ought to know better) who lightly talk of substituting government by decrees of a Party.

Let them take warning. Those who strike at our Parliament will themselves be stricken.

Parliament, as well as "time and the ocean," has made us great. It has kept us great. It has shattered our enemies from the days of Marlborough and Chatham to the days of Churchill. It is, indeed, the poet's "fostering star" by which we have steered through the shoals of history.

We shall not recover that leadership of the world which we have enjoyed for two centuries.

But so long as the English-speaking families march in step and preserve the great principle of free institutions that has made them mighty they will not lose the moral and spiritual leadership of mankind.

WAR LEADERS—THEN AND NOW

HANNEN SWAFFER sums up the way in which we have been led in two wars : : !

HAD CHAMBERLAIN REMAINED Prime Minister in 1940, we would almost certainly have lost the war.

It was a near thing.

Even after Amery's shout: "In the name of God, go!" no fewer than 281 M.P.s voted against the Labour motion that drove him out of office. Yes, and many of them want your votes next time!

It was Churchill's leadership of a strong all-Party Government that Roosevelt trusted in "our finest hour," with all-necessary Lend-Lease arms. He saw a united nation, which Chamberlain could never have held together.

And without the unity that bound us into a mighty comradeship, we, too, might have had Belsens and Buchenwalds, gauleiters, and torture-chambers!

Brains a Bad Fourth

Well, after the R.A.F. saved us in the Battle of Britain, and while the Navy and the merchant men were fighting the worst stages of the Battle of the Atlantic, we saw another miracle—the emergence of faultless British generalship.

It is incredible to realise, now, that when one of our highest-up generals heard of the German invasion of Norway, he said: "Now we've got them!"

But soon Wavell, almost without arms, was conducting five campaigns at the same time. When he was dropped—because, it is declared, he refused to advance in North Africa without that sufficiency of weapons which Montgomery always demanded before he would move, Alexander's masterly strategy behind the lines and Monty's inspiring conduct on the battlefield began to change the whole fortunes of the war.

Now, when we hail these soldiers of genius, think back to our ineffective generalship in the last war!

Then, our military big-wigs even opposed the combined command without which victory would never have been reached. Then, Kitchener preferred the use of shrapnel to high-explosive shells! Then it was the politicians who insisted on the means of transforming defeat into triumph and civilians who were responsible for the tank, and who invented the Stokes gun and the hydroplane!

It was with scorpions that, in his "War Memoirs," Lloyd George flayed the fox-hunting generals of the last war, and bitterly exposed the stifling of initiative and ideas.

"Independent thinking is not encouraged in the professional army," he declared. "It is a form of mutiny Obedience is a supreme virtue. Criticism is insubordination. Many intelligent officers knew that the orders given them were utterly stupid. But, with their men, they went to a doom they foresaw was inevitable. . . .

"Haig ordered many bloody battles, but never saw the ground on which they were fought. Robertson never saw a battle. . . .

"Most generals in high places avoided personal jeopardy. . . .

"The ablest brains did not reach a height where the politicians could even see them. Seniority and 'Society' were the dominant factors in promotion. Deportment counted. Brains came a bad fourth."

The only exceptions, said L. G., were found in the Dominion forces, in which Monash of Australia and Currie of Canada, both civilians when the war started, proved to be brilliant leaders. Monash was the most resourceful general in all the British Army!

"'Highly gifted men," he jibed, "were consigned to the mud by men of inferior capacity who kept at a safe distance from the slime!"

Band of Brothers

Had this been true, this time, slavery would have been our fate!

But, actually, the credit for the overwhelming defeat of the all-powerful German armies is more due to British generalship, particularly to Alexander and Montgomery, than the outside world knows. Eisenhower, in its eyes, may get much of the kudos.

No one would wish to rob him of any glory He is too splendid a type. It was his extraordinary tact and his unceasing insistence that his officers should work with ours as close comrades and that no national rivalry should mar their intimate association that linked the North African forces, and afterwards those who landed in France, into a band of brothers who proved invincible.

Besides, he recognised directly after the landing in North Africa, the genius of Alexander—genius that had mapped out the plan that chased Rommel from the gates of Egypt to Benghazi and made the landing possible.

Alexander's advice over the way to smash German resistance in Africa, conquer Sicily and invade Italy, was eagerly accepted by him. He saw in "Alex," as he called him, a man of the calibre of Wellington.

Two years of hard and bitter warfare were in front of Alexander. What Churchill had lightly called "the soft underbelly of the Axis" proved a backbone.

Some, I am afraid, began to doubt that Alexander was the man of genius acclaimed by soldiers who came home. Few knew how his forces had been weakened to fortify the Western front, and how weather helped the Germans.

Nor could they tell how cleverly Alexander was using the heroic Partisans in the North.

Then, suddenly, Alexander forced the surrender of 1,000,000 Germans in Italy and Austria—the biggest bag of prisoners in history!

The Nation's Darling

A few days after, Monty, his old colleague of the bitter days, made an even larger force capitulate in North Germany. His had proved the toughest job undertaken by any of Eisenhower's generals on the Western front. He had been facing, not only the strongest Nazi armies, but floods. His dauntless resolution, his masterly planning, his invariable cheerfulness, his matchless intimacy with his men had reaped a fitting reward.

The war experts of the future must share out the praise for this victory or that. We, his contemporaries, acclaim Monty as the most colourful of all the military leaders in the world.

He would sign his autograph for his men, on the Army orders in which he thanked his Army So prodigally did he do this that, on the day he returned to London, after Algiers, his A.D.C. willingly gave me one, for he had six!

That night he went to the theatre and took a bow—at the Palace and then at the Waldorf.

For days—until he had gone, indeed—his visit home was a "secret" that Whitehall would not let the Press print, although all London knew it. The War Office hated his love of glamour, that rivalled even Churchill's!

Officialdom frowned on his lack of convention. It tried to suppress him.

But this is I think, the truth—that he ranks, as a warrior, beside Nelson as the nation's darling.

Yes, our generals have served us well this time. Was it because of Lloyd George's warning that our system changed?

No historian of to-morrow will have to record the years that followed Alamein, a story of incompetence and indecision

Great generals led incomparable armies—not order-awed men who merely wanted to slaughter with rifles, but technicians of the highest degree of efficiency

And so they won—and saved mankind.

Now we must see that they get their reward—a Better Britain!

Field-Marshal Alexander—"a man of the calibre of Wellington," said General of the Army Eisenhower

Earl Haig—"ordered many bloody battles, but never saw the ground on which they were fought," wrote Lloyd George

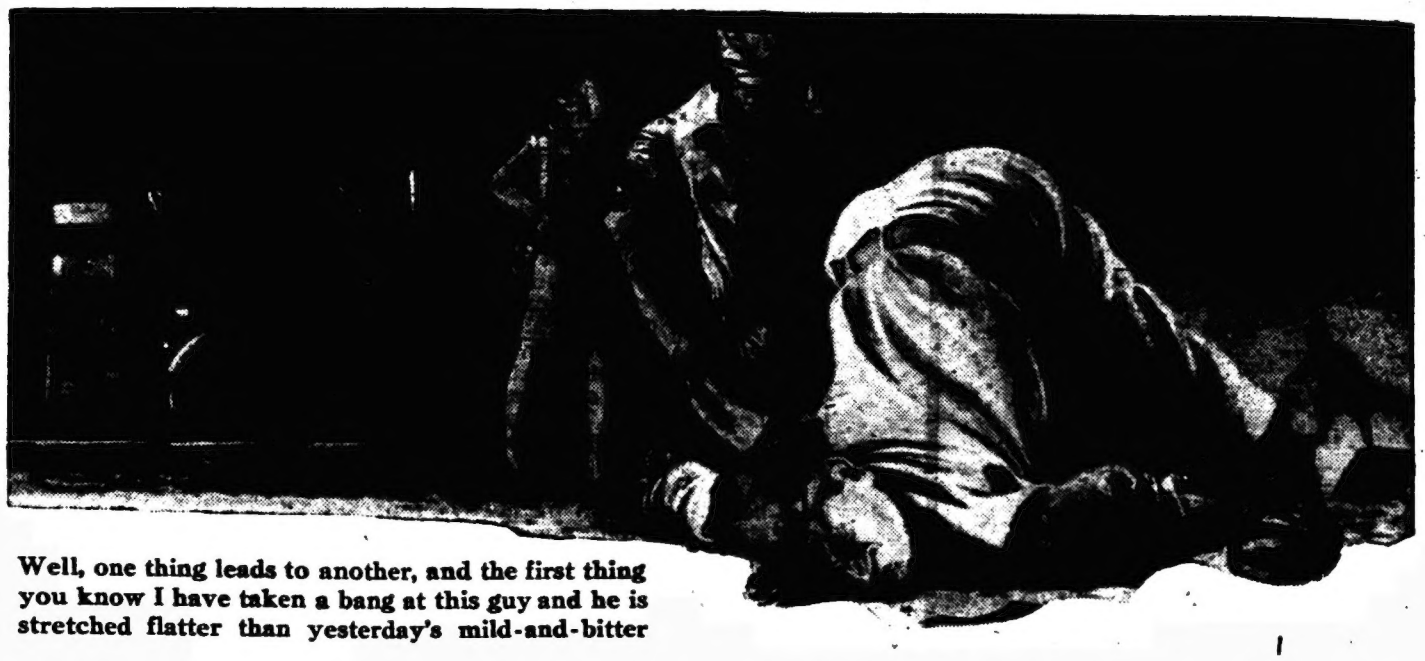
John Bull Short Story

LEAVE in London

by

Lt.-Commander JOHN McCAIN, U.S.N.R.

ILLUSTRATED BY SIEBEL



Well, one thing leads to another, and the first thing you know I have taken a bang at this guy and he is stretched flatter than yesterday's mild-and-bitter

Twelve hours of glorious leave with Gloria . . . but there's a delayed-action punch in this story

I AM A WAIST GUNNER in the Flying Fortress "Languid Lady," and I had just finished my next-to-last mission over Germany when things started to happen. I slept good that night and the next morning I put in for a pass to London. I wasn't exactly entitled to one, but our Exec. is a pretty good Joe and I figured what could I lose?

"Sir," I said, throwing him a very fast set of fingers, "it just so happens that an old friend of my father's is in London for a few days. . . ."

"I know, Sergeant," the Exec. interrupts, laughing, "and if you don't see him they will foreclose the mortgage on the old homestead, your sister will be an unwed mother and your father will go bankrupt. Why don't you stop this malarky? It's that chick, isn't it? That Gloria?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

He got kind of serious for a minute. "I'll tell you, Sergeant," he said. "I'm going to give you the pass. You're due to go home after your next job, and I think I know how you feel. One way or another, it's probably the last chance you'll get to see her."

"Yes, sir," I said. I got serious, too; I hadn't thought about it that way.

"You can have twelve hours," he said. "Noon to midnight."

I thanked him, saluted, about-faced, started to the door and stopped. I was thinking very fast.

"Sir," I said, "just suppose the train broke down. Twelve hours isn't much time, after all. I was just wondering—"

THE EXEC. STOOD UP, and all the laughs had gone out of his face.

"You were just wondering," he started yelling, "whether if you overstayed your pass you'd be kept here in England where you could see that chick some more."

The guy must have been looking into a crystal ball.

"Well let me tell you something," and he was beating on the desk. "You overstay your pass and you won't go home, you'll go to Iceland on a labour detail—for the duration!"

"Yes, sir," I said. And got out fast. . .

Now, I am very fond of Gloria. She is a strange doll, half Irish and half English, and about the last person you would figure to be going around with a guy from Bridgeport, Conn. But the truth is we are great together.

She lives upstairs over a pub, so we meet down in the back room of the pub where we can take on a certain amount of mild-and-bitter before starting out on the town.

I might as well be honest. This mild-and-bitter is a very innocent-looking arrangement, but it creeps up on you. Let's face it. By the time we started out of the joint I was loaded, and what happened after that isn't very clear. There was a place called the "Barley-Sheaf" where I remember four whisky-and-sodas, then there was a blank space, and then we were in Piccadilly Circus, trying to get a cab.

You don't know what a problem it is to get a cab in London. People stand at all the intersections flashing their flashlights and screaming their brains out, and the odds are at least eighty to one you don't get one. However, screaming is in its infancy until Gloria opens her kisser, so I am really not surprised when a cab pulls up right beside me. I am over there with my dook on the door before the hack has come to a stop. Unfortunately so is another guy.

This other guy is a big G.I. with a doll, and he seems to have three or four other people with him, all very anxious to get in and very belligerent about it.

Well, one thing leads to another, and the first thing you know I have taken a bang at this guy and he is stretched flatter than yesterday's mild-and-bitter. I am just turning around in the dark, looking for another target, when somebody lowers a boom on me. I am reeling back, off balance, when I see Gloria go into action, screaming like a banshee, and beating several characters over the head with her shoe.

The inspiration is such that by the time the bobby arrives I have another guy backed up against a building and am doing all right.

I say I am doing all right, and I can't be bragging, because when we get to the police station, and the sergeant starts taking down what he calls "particulars," there are seven people there to make complaints against us. It is 12.30 a.m. and I see a lot of adhesive tape and bandages.

The sergeant listens to the story and writes it all down very slow. Then he says this is London, not Chicago, which is one of those things I could have told him myself. After that he folds up his book and says, seeing as how we're all Yanks, maybe we don't know any better, only we ought to remember fighting for taxis isn't how to behave. So scram.

That is great, but by the time I get Gloria home I am already two hours over leave. Furthermore, my jaw is starting to swell up where that first guy landed a sneak punch on me, and when I get back to the field I can't open my mouth enough to speak. I am in agony.

Now I am up against my biggest problem. It is 3.30 a.m. and I can't go through the gate, so I've got to get over the fence, take a chance on being shot by a sentry, and make a run for my quarters. When they start looking for me I can say I came in with a 'busload of guys and they must have missed me. It isn't good, but what's the alternative?

Iceland.

THIS TIME I'M LUCKY. I get into my sack with nobody the wiser. I guess I was asleep a hot twenty minutes, when all hell breaks loose.

I stumbled out, put on a pair of fatigue pants and pulled my heavy flight jacket up so it would cover my chin. My whole jaw was now as big as a basketball, and every time my heart beat I thought the top of my noggin would come off.

I still don't know how I made it to the briefing shack, but I forgot everything when I heard the Old Man say: "This is it, fellows. Big B—Berlin!"

You think you've had trouble? The minute we're off the ground, the 'plane starts to jump all over the joint, but that isn't tough enough—I have to put an oxygen mask over that chin as soon as we get altitude. I would rather stretch a rubber band around St. Paul's.

"And if this doesn't get you a seat, Lord Willop, we'll try Robinson"

The minute we hit Germany the "Jerry" fighters start for us. Our group is leading and it is plenty rugged. I am firing like a mechanical man—then somewhere near the target we get a 20-mm. through the tail, and Sammy, the tail gunner, is hurt bad. The skipper says he's getting no reaction from the rudder, but he's going to try for home. Meanwhile I am getting too weak to make sense. I've been shooting and bobbing around and by the time we get over the Channel my whole head is numb.

I must have drawn a blank, because the next thing I know we are on the runway and the meat wagon is alongside. They take Sammy off in a stretcher. He's got some holes in his leg, but the doc seems to think he'll be okay.

I am standing there, groggy, when the same doc comes over to me, and looks at my kisser, which I have forgotten to cover.

"You've got a bad jaw there," he says. "Were you hit?"

I couldn't talk, so he points to the meat wagon. "You'd better come along," he says.

AT THE INFIRMARY they take an X-ray and find that my jaw is broken, but good. The next thing I know I am in bed, my head is in a cast and I have a nurse—not pretty but amiable. I can't talk but I am plenty worried, and I am trying to ask her for some literature on Iceland, when she says to me: "The C.O. wants to see you as soon as you're able. I told him you'd be over this afternoon."

The kid is trying to be nice, but it seems to me she is giving me a bartender's smile. Nevertheless, she helps me into my uniform and sends me out looking like the Invisible Man just before he becomes invisible.

The Old Man is a full colonel, thirty-one years old, strictly a deed-pan guy and very impressive indeed. I walk up in front of his desk and salute.

"Tony," he says, "I just wanted you to know we've authorised the Purple Heart for you. Wounds received in the face of the enemy——." I could have sworn he smiled just a little. "But I regret I can't let you go home with your outfit. Our table of operations calls for a warrant officer to be gunnery instructor here at the base. We need you for that."

I couldn't have answered, not even if I'd wanted to, I am that happy.

But, tell me, what are Gloria and I going to tell our grandchildren?

They Are After Your GRATUITIES

WILLIAM J. GAGE, John Bull's Special Commissioner, gives a warning to returning Servicemen—look out for vultures disguised as respectable businessmen

THIS ARTICLE IS OF FIRST importance to all Servicemen. It is difficult for you to believe, after the service you have given, after all that you have been through, after the sacrifices you have made, that you can be looked on as fair game for a swindle.

But, nevertheless, the facts are there. The crooks and the sharks are organising to make some nice pickings from you and your mates.

They know that you will come out of the army with a gratuity. It may not be as large as you hoped. But it will be a lump sum, and with it you will plan to build up your future, your home, and the well-being of your children.

The crooks know this, and they are laying their plans. Even a couple of gratuities a week makes a nice little income to add to their private balance-sheets.

There are, of course, plenty of advertisers whose propositions are genuine. Many welcome inquiries because they have nothing to hide. In fact, some usually require, for their own safeguard, that all negotiations when money is involved are carried out with the help of a solicitor.

After the last war, in my earliest investigation days, I came across countless rackets. I saw many an ex-Serviceman who, within a few weeks—sometimes even days—had lost his gratuity by investing it in a rosily painted investment that turned out to be a fraud.

Fictitious Figures

Although only a short time has elapsed since the end of the war in Europe, a warning cannot be given too soon. Some of the rackets that have been planned to victimise you are already in operation.

One smart group of "financiers," whose records are well known to me, are inviting men like you to buy a nice little shop with living premises attached. Figures are produced which show that the shop will change hands with a good income which can easily be worked up to higher figures by any hard worker.

But the figures are fictitious, the price demanded out of all proportion to the value of the property.

Quite recently I saw an ex-officer, partly paralysed as a result of a war wound, who was induced by fabricated documents and false stories to enter an agency business. In reality, the business was worthless. But the man had parted with £450. And this money was paid to a man about whom I have issued several warnings during the last few years.

Land Looks Attractive

The officer had been far too trusting. I was deeply touched by his tragic condition. If only he had come to JOHN BULL *before* he handed over his money! As it was, he was robbed of every penny *within three days* of taking up his "permanent position."

In his case there was clear evidence of fraud, and I went to Scotland Yard with his documents and story. The crook concerned is now in jail.

To the many among you, who, during your Service days, have thought it a good plan to sink your gratuity—and perhaps your savings, too—in a general store, a sweets or tobacco business, or a newsagent's shop—I say heed this warning!

Beware, too, of a snug little boarding-house, or a small private hotel, offered with glowing prospects and a regular clientele. I know of several who have been victimised by this swindle during the last few months.

Now, here is another ramp. Plots of land are being offered for sale to men who are told that they can become successful farmers in a small way and, at the same time, lead a fine, open-air life.

One rogue, with eleven convictions, is running such a scheme. Numerous people who have parted with sums ranging from £50 to £500, are now, on my advice, lodging complaints with the police.

From inquiries I have made at council offices in the various districts in which he is operating, there is not the slightest doubt that much of the land he has sold is worthless from an agricultural point of view and has no adjacent water supply.

Another band of crooks has gone so far as to offer for investment relatively worthless plots of land abroad. They have told applicants what a fine, healthy future lies ahead for them in a sunny climate where almost incomparable produce-market-possibilities exist.

At least three of the organisers of this scheme have notorious careers and have been to prison for duping investors in past undertakings.

A scheme to beware of is the "Bookmaking Partnership." In this, crooks advertise on the following lines:

"Opening for a gentleman to join another in old-established turf commission agent's business. Learner not objected to, but must take entire charge of office when proficient. Investment required, advertiser finding similar amount to that invested, with fifty-fifty basis profits and weekly salary and expenses. Particulars at interview only. Write Box ——."

At the interview, books showing what appear to be big profits are produced. Calls come through on the telephone incessantly, and busy clerks write down what seem to be big commissions from regular clients.

Official Warning Wanted

When the dupe has paid over his money, he is usually found to be "proficient" with surprising speed. In fact, all his money is probably lost within a few days—"owing to a run of bad luck—never known such a calamity before."

Once his money has been lost, the victim is left to discover that the supposed clerks who were seen at the initial interview were confederates of the advertiser. And, further, that the bets being telephoned every few minutes were sent by cronies paid to put calls through from public telephone boxes.

Finally, the "run of bad luck" is manœuvred by the office clock being put back ten minutes or so. This enables bets to be made by touts as soon as the results of races are known! Actually, of course, any investments go into the advertiser's pocket.

The Government is alive to the danger of these gratuity sharks. It is setting up advice bureaux to which men anxious to use their gratuities for investment purposes can apply for information.

This is an excellent safeguard, but does not go far enough. With every Service Discharge Voucher there should be given a printed official warning, drafted by Scotland Yard chiefs in collaboration with the Director of Public Prosecutions. It should tell the ex-Serviceman that professional swindlers out to get him are mounting in number every day.

Get Advice At Once

If you are due to be demobilised and hope to start in a new enterprise, keep in mind the following points:

Always go to a good conveyancing solicitor, or a reliable valuer, for advice. This applies even though the proposition suggested to you appears completely genuine. Crack salesmen in their line of "business" are clever and plausible talkers.

And, as I have already said, genuine advertisers never object to proper inquiries.

Remember that JOHN BULL has dossiers of information about all the most persistent crooks. I shall be willing always to give you advice. But—write to me *before*, instead of *after*, the event.

What Young Britain is Thinking To-Day

Douglas Allen was content to let the youthful speakers monopolise the microphone when this picture was taken

A book now tells the story of how the youngsters were brought to the B.B.C. to start you talking. . . .

QUESTION: Why haven't people been better neighbours to each other in the past?

Answer: Because of circumstances?

Question: What circumstances?

Answer: Economic mostly. Instead of co-operating, people have been trying to cut each other's throats. Every man out for himself—for a job and more money for his family. If you take the pressure away from them, people won't behave in that way. Man's a social animal.

This piece of social analysis was delivered by a boy with an elementary education and precious little experience in life.

Reg. they called him, because they kept to Christian names throughout the broadcasts. The series brought to light just what the youth of Britain is thinking to-day and it set the educational world by the ears.

To Start You Talking—that was the excellent title chosen for these broadcasts. Now an equally stimulating book has appeared under the same title (Pilot Press, 6s.).

It reveals, for the first time, the long process of trial and error which eventually led up to one of the most spontaneous B.B.C. features over five long years.

The programme was not entirely intended to discover what the youth of Britain was thinking. It was planned to appeal to young people between the ages of fourteen and eighteen and to—start them talking. It did. What they were *really* thinking came out with a bang.

It began by talent scouts and club leaders keeping their ears open at school debates, discussion groups and even in trains, to pick out boys and girls who not only could speak, but also had something interesting to say.

They turned out to be legion.

The editors tried to leave intact all the freshness, all the characteristic phrases. Only the chairman's part was written up.

Wherever you turn in this book you find lively comments backed by sound sense. You also find that the young have a new attitude to life to-day. We knew, of course, that they were comparatively emancipated, but did we quite expect such frankness as this:

DOCTOR: "But this fear of consequences, of having illegitimate children. Is that very real in the minds of young people to-day?

DENISE: "Yes. Surely it's regarded as a disgrace?"

ROBERT: "Well, I think the fear has changed. In Victorian times people would say, 'Aren't you wicked,' but now they'd say, 'Aren't you a fool.'"

At one point in this book I was struck by a remarkable point. In the talk "What is Meant by All Men Being Equal?" the question of planning cropped up. It seemed to me that the young people showed a great deal more sense on this question than the adult chairman. In fact, the chairman was bringing out such old platitudes as—"One thing's certain; if you plan it means cutting down people's freedom."

Reg. stood up to this chairman very well throughout the talk and refused to be fogged by outdated ideas

Towards the end of the series the B.B.C. Listener Research Department found that some four million people over sixteen, but outside the age-target area, were listening to the programme. Father played with Johnnie's train, so why not listen to these broadcasts?

VINCENT BROME.

Free Speech

Keep Watch for Fuehrers!

Discovering the Public Library. What to do on a holiday. National Savings in the post-war world. A good figure is no excuse for public display

LONG EXPERIENCE SHOWS US that it is the nature of the German people to like to band together, to be regimented, drilled, and to conform to a pattern—a patriotic pattern if possible.

We must never forget this, because such an instinct always demands a leader. And, in a few years, this instinctive demand for a national leader will become so strong that it will be fulfilled. *A new Hitler will arise.*

We must guard against this in several ways. In our re-education of German youth, we must try to overcome, by psychological training, this ingrained "leader complex." (It is significant that Germany is always the "Fatherland"—the father being the leader.)

We must probe thoroughly any organisations which are formed, to be certain that their activities are purely peaceful and harmless. We must ban entirely all uniforms, arm-bands, even badges, of any kind or description in Germany.

Finally, the people of this country must watch unceasingly for the arisal of any future Fuehrer. And they must make sure, through the democratic channels at their disposal, that not a single one of our own "high-ups," in business or politics, encourages and panders to him as they did Hitler.—R. C. N., Finchley, N.3.

A Little Mother

IN THE DOCTOR'S SURGERY this morning was a worried little girl of thirteen. She was holding a small child who was obviously suffering from measles. Her mother had sent her to the doctor and had then gone off to work.

This sort of thing is becoming too common, and I believe our men will have something to say about it when they return. What benefit is there from the few extra shillings earned if the most precious gifts of all—children—are neglected?—C. G., Middlesex.

Try the Public Library

IT IS ABOUT A YEAR now since I "discovered" my library. By this I mean that I began to use it for reference and for increasing my knowledge, instead of merely as a means of borrowing an occasional book.

I belong to the public library near where I work, and now, if I strike a subject which interests me, but about which I know little, I go there, have a chat to the librarians and nearly always they have two or three books on it. At the end of last summer, I saw a large and peculiarly marked moth. None of those present knew what it was. The next day, I soon found it in an illustrated book in the library.

Not long ago some friends and I had an argument about the relative populations of various countries—the library very quickly settled it for us. During the past six months I have read up such varied subjects as Buddhism, the lives of several famous people, bird migration, and elementary economics, all in the public library.—J. JOHNSON, Pimlico, S.W.1.

Follow the Food Facts

OWING TO MY JOB, which involves much travelling, I have to eat in cafés and restaurants a great deal. In my opinion, they have been shown up pretty badly by the war. They have no enterprise or invention in serving up dishes with any novelty, nor do they attempt to make war time food attractive or appetising. Instead, there is just an endless succession of sausages, and rissoles disguised under names like Vienna steak.

Why don't the proprietors follow the dozens of recipes put out by the Ministry of Food in their advertisements? Lots of these are palatable and attractive, and they are aimed at economy of materials, especially meat. At least they would give variety. — R. GREENE, Hounslow, Middlesex.

Mrs. Grundy Wanted

MODERN WOMEN THINK they're showing an independent spirit when they refuse to conform to a recognised code. Is that why the unusual sight of a tall young woman dressed in the scantiest of bathing costumes was presented to the public gaze recently in a London park?

Conventions are good, and, taking them all round, there is usually an excellent reason for their existence. Because Nature has been kind to this particular young woman there was no reason why her gifts should be paraded. As a woman I object, because it is letting down my sex. It is high time Mrs. Grundy came to life.—L. L. F., Kensington, W.8.

Where Your Money Goes

IN YOUR OPEN LETTER to Lord Kindersley as President of the National Savings Committee (JOHN BULL, May 5), you ask: "Do you mean that people are to lend money which the Government, in its turn, will lend to the private owners of obsolete cotton mills or old-fashioned coal mines?"

The answer is that would be a misinterpretation of the arguments of both Lord Kindersley and of the National Savings Movement. Our argument is that, during the war, industrial concerns and financial institutions which normally lend to industry have been lending extensively to the Government. After the war they will be utilising more of their resources for industrial reconstruction. They will, in consequence, have less new money to lend to the Government, whilst when their current loans to the Government mature they may wish not to renew them.

In such circumstances, a larger proportion of Government borrowings should be obtained from personal income, if inflation is to be avoided. The Government borrowings will be used for purposes, such as the social improvements you mention, that our democracy determines. These purposes include loans to local authorities for housing. —H. S. BOOKER, Director of Statistics and Intelligence, National Savings Committee, Westminster, S.W.1.

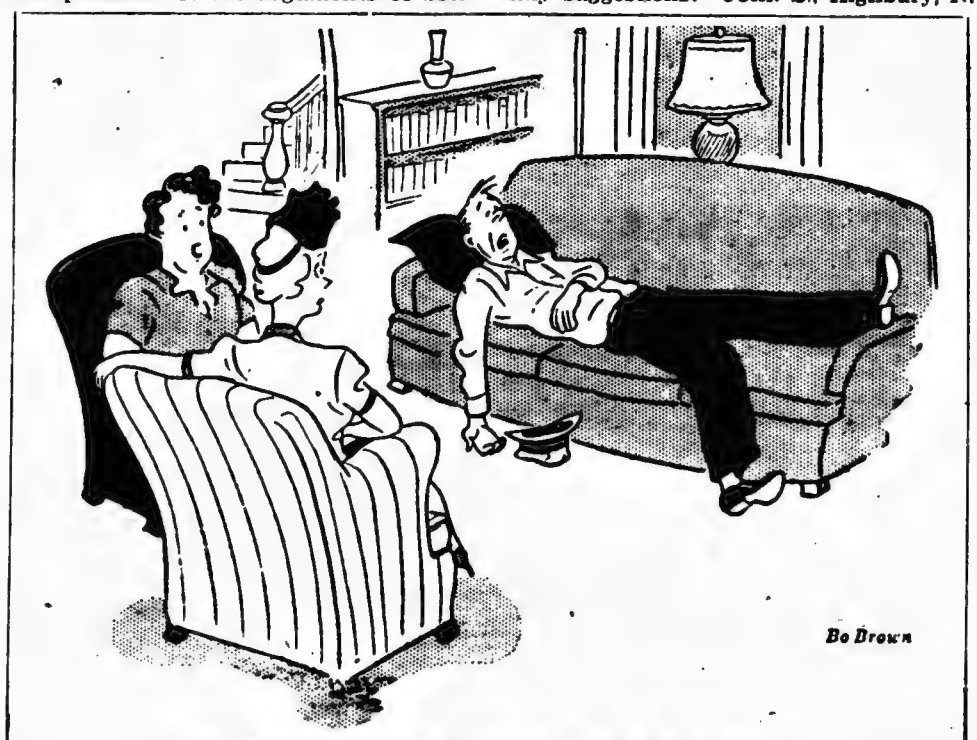
Age in Disguise

I HEARTILY AGREE with Miss Hanson, who suggests that we should not be labelled with our ages (JOHN BULL April 14). When I was called up at the age of forty, I was a fat, middle-aged commercial traveller. The Army, to my horror, treated me exactly the same as the nineteen-year-old in the next bunk.

In a few weeks I was as pleased as a schoolboy when I finished in front of him in a cross-country race. In uniform, I am on equal terms with the "boys," but when I resume my bowler hat, I suppose I shall have to return to my "age group"—which is now forty-three. A pity!—Sgt. G. A. S., B.L.A. (address supplied).

Holiday Suggestions

THE YEAR BEFORE LAST I went on a walking holiday and, to add novelty, I decided to explore the Thames from London right to its source. I took ten days and enjoyed it thoroughly. Last year I worked on a farm, which was a novelty to me, a town-dweller. Now I'm trying to think of something new to do in my week's holiday this year. Anyone any suggestions?—JOHN S., Highbury, N.



"John laid out the garden to-day and vice-versa"

Behind the Counter View

ARE NOT THE PUBLIC themselves to blame for shopkeepers' bad tempers? This morning I put three large notices, NO ICE CREAM, one in my shop window, another in the left-hand side of my doorway, and the third on the right-hand side of the doorway. Then I retired behind the counter, fondly imagining that I should have no more worry.

Within the next hour no fewer than fifteen people walked in to ask for ice cream—some of them after reading the notice aloud. Could even a saint remain good-tempered? — R. PIDGEON, Sunny Corner General Stores, Shakespeare Cliff, Dover, Kent.

Out of Fashion

SINCE WE'VE BEEN ASKED to make do and mend I have been very careful and have worn two pre-war costumes up to date. Now I would like to know why they are introducing the fashion of the pleated skirt again. These pleats have driven me to the tailor for a new costume. But, still, I've got to wait six months for it—so by then I may be couponless but still in the fashion with my peace time clothes.—MRS. J., Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

High and Low Notes

IN THE B.B.C. programmes classical music is given a fair share, light music is given more than its share, and swing and dance music are represented. But where is jazz? It is practically ignored, not because of lack of demand, but because there aren't the performers. The B.B.C. should get the performers.—DENNIS C. PADGETT, 16, Lime Tree Avenue, Cinderhill, Nottingham.

Help in a Jam

LOOKING BACK on all the devices for economy in this war, I wonder why the jam manufacturers were never told to make their jars in a more useful shape. Tumbler-shaped containers would have been very useful in the house when they had been emptied. —S. G. GEORGE, 14, Crestbrook Avenue, N.13.

[An American firm already packs jam in tumbler-shaped containers of comparatively thin glass, and draws attention on the label to their use when empty.—EDITOR.]

Not Worth Selling

AN OFF-LICENCE SHOPKEEPER I know has a monthly gin and whisky quota of eleven bottles *when available*. This allows an approximate profit of £14 a year. For the privilege of selling the stuff he has to pay £23 excise duty—exactly £9 more than he can hope to make. On top of this there are rates and the usual overheads, including taxation on profits. — MRS. E. ELSWORTH, Malthouse Farm, Hazelbury Bryan, Dorset.

THIS PAGE is reserved for your opinions, and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Surrender Left-overs

"IT looks to me, Fothergill, old boy, as if it will be months before we get a complete German surrender."

"But I thought they had all surrendered."

"Ah, that's what you think. We on the inside know that there are all sorts of little pockets still holding out. On mountain sides, for instance."

"I suppose those are hip pockets."

"No, no, old boy. I mean certain elements are being difficult about surrender. There is Hitler's intuition still floating about. It absolutely refuses to surrender to anyone except Beverley Baxter."

"What's he doing about it?"

"Nothing. Simply won't accept it."

"THERE'S one pocket with plenty of money in it—trouser pocket, you might say. A big financier who helped to build up Hitler from the beginning. He won't surrender to anyone except the Bank of England."

"How about the coal industry?"

"Terrible state of affairs, old boy. The mines are full of gas pockets, very explosive. Several coal owners are skulking in them. Then there are owners of surface coal—outcast pockets you might say. The whole crowd keeps sending surrender telegrams to Robert Foot."

"Anyway, we've settled the big noises like Goering and Co."

"Oh no, not all of them. There's Goebbels' microphone, for instance. The thing keeps getting a supply of current from the Black Market and broadcasting that it will only surrender personally to the man who kept telling us that the Germans were starving and that Hitler only had enough oil for another three weeks."

"Who was it?"

"We can't pin him down. After all, we'd been told it at regular intervals for five years."

"I SUPPOSE Ribbentrop will only surrender to one of the French champagne growers."

"Ah, there you're wrong old boy. It's not Ribbentrop, it's his valet who is the trouble. A number of our leading families who entertained Ribb. before the war keep getting letters from this valet chap. He offers to work for them if they'll accept his surrender."

"Good Heavens—does Mr. Bevin know?"

"This I.G. Farben chemical trust is a nuisance, too. The directors insist that because of trade agreements with British and American concerns they are outside an ordinary military surrender."

"THERE'S ONE THING—the ordinary people can't claim things like that."

"Don't be too sure. There's an ordinary German housewife who's causing trouble. She is willing to surrender to the American army and to live on their rations, but she won't give in to Britain because she says that would mean surrendering to the Ministry of Food and living on dried eggs for the rest of her life."

"Well, she's showing individual enterprise."

"That reminds me of another. Calls himself a *kleiner Kaufmann*, which as far as I can understand is a small shopkeeper. Heaven knows what we're going to do with him. He won't surrender to anyone but Lord Beaverbrook."

THE TRUTH ABOUT NAZI LOOT

The gangsters are posted dead, captured, missing. But their haul, the richest in all history, has still to be traced

NOW THAT THE GANGSTERS are done for, comes the hunt for hidden loot—£250,000,000 is the estimate given in City circles, conservative by nature where hard cash is concerned.

Much of this astronomical sum is earmarked for a Nazi-comeback "fighting fund." The rest is the personal harvest gathered in by the Party chiefs.

For private loot, the portly Hermann Goering tops the list. From his control of the armament and engineering industries of Europe the Reichsmarshall has raked in fantastic profits.

Goering's Seven Millions

Goering salted away in the Argentine close on £5,000,000, and another £500,000 is held by a Brazilian bank at Sao Paulo. He is also reputed to have purchased, through various agents, £500,000 worth of U.S. railroad and steel shares.

In addition, he transacted £1,000,000 worth of insurance, mostly endowments, underwritten with various companies in foreign countries.

Goebbels took care of the future with rather more than £500,000 worth of foreign currency and securities planted in Buenos Aires. Another cool £500,000 is deposited with the Bank of Japan. Certain international deals noted recently suggest that secret agents of the late Propaganda Minister have been attempting to transfer the Tokio-held loot to safer regions.

Ribbentrop also chose the Argentine as the main storehouse for his modest pickings. U.S. Government secret agents suspect that there is £2,500,000 standing to his credit at an Argentine bank in the name of Pedro Rodriguez Panchino.

An Italian bank in Switzerland holds close on another £1,000,000 for him. A London insurance expert estimates that the ex-champagne tout held the record for personal insurance, with policies totalling over £1,250,000.

The spider-minded Himmler may well have used his period of absolute power to add to his private fortune. Till then, compared with achievements of his colleagues, his own nest-egg, estimated at £700,000, must have appeared meagre. But perhaps Himmler, always the realist, did not value highly his chances of surviving the Nazi crash.

Doctor Ley, who engineered the *Volkswagon*—"People's Motor Car"—swindle, was also trustee of the "Bank of the Workers' Front." His rake-off, a beggarly £400,000, has been traced to South America.

Hess Isn't Poor

Rudolf Hess did rather better. Expert opinion credits him with at least £600,000, all held in neutral States.

Plainly worded Notes have been circulated by the British and American Governments on the subject of Nazi loot.

The Notes pointed out that the enemy was "increasing activities to salvage his assets, and to perpetuate his economic influence abroad and his power and ability to plan future aggrandisement and world domination."

"The problem of uncovering and disentangling enemy and looted property," say the Allies, "is one of international character. The enemy has been taking property of occupied countries and their nationals by open looting and plundering, by forcing transfers under duress and by subtle complex devices."

To those of the leading Nazis who hoped to seek refuge in that totalitarian clime the declaration of war by the Argentine Government must have come as a bitter blow.

Frau Goebbels is reported to have died with her husband. She will never wear any of the rich furs he "collected." But who has them now?

Decrees already issued place an embargo on all German funds in Argentina, but to cloak these deposits every stratagem of finance has been employed.

The money was always passed through several international banks, and under different names, before being transferred.

How It Was Done

Once in Buenos Aires it was usually split up into small amounts and spread amongst private accounts in the many German and German-controlled banks which flourish there.

It was then reinvested in real estate, jewellery and easily negotiable securities. These transactions will be very difficult to trace.

But the Nazi leaders were interested in far more than foreign currency and securities. They amassed the finest collection of paintings, tapestries, period furniture, rare china and porcelain, jewellery and precious stones ever seen in Europe.

Not only were museums and private collections sacked with Teuton thoroughness, but a veneer of legality was given to much of the looting, forced sales being negotiated, with payment in greatly overvalued "Occupation marks."

Goebbels' speciality was the surreptitious acquisition of rich furs. Ermines, sables, mink and chinchillas in dozens are known to have come into his possession. Where are these treasures now?

Frau Goebbels is reported to have died with her husband, but Frau Ribbentrop was recently reported seen in the streets of Buenos Aires. Frau Hess got no further than Lake Como, where she purchased a splendid hotel.

It recently leaked out in Sweden that Field-Marshal Goering had purchased, through an intermediary, a mansion in the smart Stockholm suburb of Appleviken.

Certainly this house, of doubtful ownership, exists, and it is stocked with priceless furniture, tapestries and art treasures of every kind. Here, no doubt, Goering hoped to spend his declining years in luxurious exile on the Kaiser Wilhelm pattern.

Unfortunately for him, his plans went somewhat awry. An Allied court will decide his future.

Papen's Agency

The Allies' task in tracing the Nazi loot is complicated by the fact that a good part of it has already left Germany and been sold to private collectors, mainly in Turkey and South America.

Under the cloak of diplomatic privilege, large quantities of valuables were regularly flown to Ambassador von Papen. These were sold in the Turkish market and the money paid into a special account of the German bank at Istanbul. From there it was cabled to a German bank—the Banco Germanica del Sud—in the Argentine.

The safest Nazi scheme for the disposal of loot has been worked in conjunction with sympathisers in the Argentine. The Nazis offered real estate, or other valuable property in the Reich, in exchange for property in the Argentine of much less value. The usual rate was £150-£200 worth of Argentine property for £1,000 worth of property in Germany. Naturally, there were many willing buyers.

The theory behind such deals is that the Allies will not interfere with property in Germany owned by neutrals, whereas all Nazi-owned property will be liable to confiscation.

We Must Be Firm

If this plan comes off, the Argentine purchaser stands to make a handsome profit on his investments.

To any Allied attempt at confiscation of the German property he will be able to present an air of injured innocence. He is no guilty Nazi. He bought and paid for the property in a proper manner.

These specious arguments must not be allowed to get by. Those who buy from the Nazis know that they are buying stolen goods. The Nazis have not honestly acquired property worth selling.

The systematic looting of Europe is not the least of the Nazi crimes. The guilty men and their accomplices, before or after the act, must not be allowed to get away with any part of the plunder.

Whatever efforts are necessary for the recovery of the Nazi loot must be made.

Let us hope that prior publication of this ingenious device will enable Allied public opinion to frustrate it, even though the susceptibilities of international bankers—notoriously tender—stand in the way.

FRANCIS J. KNIGHT.

A Link With Home

SHORT OF A PERSONAL LETTER, nothing cheers a man or woman in the Forces, especially overseas, more than a magazine. It is a direct link with home.

May we suggest that, when you have quite finished with this copy of JOHN BULL, you should post it on to a Service relative or friend? The postage for a single copy is 1d., and you can be certain that it will be tremendously appreciated.

Victory in a Flash!

A FEW seconds with the *Examples* for *Bullets* 1,473 and Mr. A. G. Veasey, 41, Moat Avenue, Coventry, had completed an effort, thus: Beyond Doubt—Roosevelt's Efforts "Hastened End." That *Bullet*, born in a flash, won him his first cash prize—a First of £200!

Below comes the first of *Bullets* big VE Offers. Note that by enclosing 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry, you receive *Bulletin* first VE Double Number.

JOHN BULL'S FIRST BIG VE OFFER FOR 'BULLETS'

£250 CASH plus CELEBRATION WEEK-END for TWO

£20 plus VE BONUS - £10 plus VE BONUS

£9, £8, £7, £6, 4 of £5

10 of £3, 20 of £2, 50 of 10/-

200 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 Merit Awards

☞ Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* VE Double Number, No. 1, including historic "*Bullets* at War" Supplement.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

VICTORY
IN THE NEW WORLD
GERMANY'S PUNISHMENT
KEY TO THE FUTURE
REMEMBER HITLER AND HOMELESS MILLIONS
NOW HE'S GONE
SIGN OF WEAKNESS
WITHOUT MERCY
IN THE MELTING POT
"WELCOME HOME!"
TEMPTING
MAN I MARRY
KEPT QUIET
LONG WAY TO GO
NO EXCUSE
DAD'S HORSE
STOPPED THE ROT
FOR HER MONEY
LOVED THE LIMELIGHT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

WON THE.....
LEARNING TO.....
AT GRIPS WITH.....
..... AMBITION
TO REPAY.....
BACK FROM THE.....

£100 plus Radio—"Bullets" 1,475

C. H. LINSTEAD, 62, TUNBRIDGE ROAD, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

BRITAIN'S LARDER FEEDS STARVING—I'M "SATISFIED."

£20 & Radio: S. V. Lindsay, 14, Alexandra Park, Holywood, Co. Down.
In The Political Arena—Fan Candidate With *Trowel!*
£10 & Radio: W. J. White, 77, Delafield Rd., Charlton, S.E.7.
Never Satisfied—Hitler—*Greed* "Swallowed" *Him*.
10 of £5:
D. Black, 34, Haddington Place, Edinburgh.
To Gramophone's Dismay—Electors Looking Up "Record."
Miss S. Brook, 17, White Horse Street, Hereford.
Looks Like A Peacock—Dad's Bookie, The Vulture!
L.A.C. A. Cutmon, c/o 67, Abbey Wood Road, Abbey Wood, S.E.2.
That Victory Feeling—Gratuity Fixers Didn't Have!
H. Eva, 6, Headland Road, Newquay.
Spirit Of Goodwill—One For *Postwar* Road.
A. E. Montague, "Charwari," Rye.
Spirit Of Roosevelt—Earthbound, Till Earth Freed.
F. Oldroyd, 5, Regent Street, South Hiendley, Barnsley.
Peace Baby—Dandled To-day—Diddled To-morrow?
Mrs. G. M. Thomas, School House, Wenvoe, Cardiff.
Shooting Ahead—Village Taxi, Between Backfiring!
L.S.A. R. White, c/o 137, Queens Road, Gosport.
Just Married—Just Perfect—Just Wait!
Mrs. A. H. Wood, 43, Tamworth Road, Croydon, Surrey.
Honour And Glory—And Crutches And Bootlaces?
F. F. Worth, 50, Romany Road, Northampton.
Love And Laughter—And Liberty Babyhood's "Charter."
A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 20 of £1, and 100 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

TWO SHARE £75 FIRST IN XWORD 427. WINNING WORDS: 1. Houses. 2. Rogue. 3. Ears. 4. Hopes. 5. Rink. 6. Light. 7. Bus or Buy. 8. Grave. 9. Sice. 10. Roses. 11. Perky. 12. Slap. 13. Duds. 14. Better.
£75 SHARERS: Pte. G. E. Johnson, c/o Uplands, Norfolk Road, Uxbridge, Middx.; W. P. Lawrence, Imperial Stores, Ystradmynach, Hengoed, Glam.
RUNNERS-UP Awards value £25 shared between 24 entrants. All Winners and Runners-up receive Fruit Cake.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated June 16, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No.1,479, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 "Bullets" you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,479
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, MAY 28.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

For JUNE 9 DOUBLE "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 2½d. ST. ADD. ENVELOPE

write to JOHN BULL about it

SHOULD HE MARRY A WIDOW WITH CHILDREN?

Reconciliation or divorce? Young child who is backward. Learning to think clearly. Advisory Panel for entrants to Confectionery trade

"I AM STILL YOUNG and very ambitious. Recently I met a young war widow with two children, I like her very much and she is also fond of me. My father, who is also my best friend, is dubious about the situation. He argues that if I marry a woman with two children I shall have to sacrifice my ambitions. My choice seems to be between marriage and a career. Can you help me to make up my mind?"

It is usually a woman who has to choose between marriage and a career. Nevertheless, I can sympathise with your father's argument. For an ambitious young man who wants to work hard and get on the responsibility of becoming a family man would be a serious handicap. Remember the old saying, "He travels the fastest who travels alone."

I think you should weigh your father's advice very carefully. From your letter I gather that you are greatly attracted to this widow, but you have not reached the stage where she matters more than anything else in the world. My verdict is that, until that happens, you would be better advised to remain unattached. At any rate, let some months go by—your feelings may clarify the situation if given a waiting period.

"THREE YEARS AGO my wife and I parted because of my conduct. Since then I have made repeated efforts to bring about a reconcilation, but she refuses to discuss it. A summons brought against me for desertion and cruelty was dismissed.

"I know that she has been carrying on with other men, and her people condone her behaviour, but I still desire a reconciliation.

"If this seems entirely out of the question, then I think the only thing is to make a clean break. How do I stand with regard to divorce?

"Can she divorce me? If she does want her freedom I would be willing to bear the stigma of appearing as the guilty party. But if I try to divorce her, can I cite her parents to give evidence?"

Your wife has no grounds, so far as I can judge from your letter, for suing for divorce. You may have grounds for divorcing her, but you would have to consult a solicitor to find out if you have any reasonable chance of success. Your in-laws are evidently against you, and will not do anything to assist your case against her.

But you cannot make your wife return to you, nor can you compel her to seek a divorce if she has no wish to do so. You do not tell me her attitude, but isn't there a mutual friend who could make her understand that you are willing to bury the past?

"I HAVE BEEN A READER of JOHN BULL for many years and hope you can help me. I have a boy of six who is very backward at school. There are no special classes for backward children here. Can I send him to a school outside the district? Or can I get some school books to help him myself at home?"

If your boy is backward enough to need special treatment, the education authorities will inform you and tell you what is the best thing to do. He cannot go to a residential special school until he has reached the age of seven.

I don't recommend you to try to teach him yourself from school books. But backward children can often make good progress without books. Let your boy read the names of shops and the headings of public notices; let him count pennies or clothes-pegs; let him cross off the days on a calendar; let him draw and paint and make things with his hands—things made with clay, wood, or empty matchboxes. Tell him simple stories and nursery rhymes. Don't give him the impression that he is slow or dull.

"CAN ANYTHING BE DONE to stop a teacher from encouraging children to tell him local gossip? The teacher concerned is on bad terms with most of the residents in the district. The children are induced to chatter about their homes and neighbours.

"Only the other day I had two visitors. The teacher saw them arrive and the next day asked my children who they were. I could quote several other instances."

I have read your letter with great surprise. Such behaviour suggests the village Nosey Parker rather than an educated man. The managers, governors, or committee that control that particular school should be informed and asked to bring pressure to bear on the man to quench his curiosity. Make sure, however, that you can present concrete instances. I suggest that you get other parents who have been similarly annoyed to join with you in protest.

"HOW CAN I LEARN to think clearly and train my memory? I am still young and did not leave school until I was sixteen. But whenever I have any brainwork to do I just muddle through. I am studying engineering, but I find I cannot recall facts that I learnt only a few days before. My mind feels mushy and clogged up."

I wonder whether you have ever come across any books by Sigmund Freud, the psychologist. He argues that people forget things because they don't *want* to remember them. If you forget so easily what you have been studying, it may mean that you are not genuinely interested in the subject.

Look at it this way: Even the dullest bookwork has a practical application. A lifeless mathematical formula is used to build a machine which will produce goods or render some service.

Don't try to learn facts like a parrot or the information will go dead in your mind. Look at all the practical uses to which what you are studying can be put, and you'll find the dry facts full of interest—and remember them.

Perhaps you live too much in a world of day-dreaming and your mind slips away into this never-never land at the slightest provocation. This will cure itself, too, if you work up an interest in your subject.

A little book called *Does it Follow* (Nelson, 5s.) might help you to think more clearly and logically. You can order it through a bookseller.

HUMANIST wishes to thank the reader from Cornwall for his gift of a pair of boxing gloves to be sent to a boys' club which was mentioned recently, and another for a copy of the book *The Pleasures of Life*, which a correspondent had found difficult to obtain.

Confectionery Trade

D. R., Shrewsbury, and others: The Confectionery Trade Council, 25, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1 has set up advisory panels throughout Great Britain and Northern Ireland to advise ex-Servicemen and women, and those returning from other forms of National Service, who wish to enter the confectionery trade. These panels are solely for the purpose of indicating how to enter the trade, how to obtain supplies when a licence has been granted and points made available, and, in the case of those wishing to purchase established businesses, to advise on the amount of profit likely to be produced and the purchase value of the business.

The panels are also at the service of dependants of ex-Servicemen and women. They cannot find shops for applicants, but, when an applicant finds convenient premises and opens negotiations to acquire them, the panels will give guidance on their suitability. The advice and service offered are entirely free.

X-WORD CASH, RADIO, PENS

£50 and Radio for outright winner. Other prizes value £25 and Fountain Pens. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Those doing this on busy sands are likely to be nuisance—BAT□-ING. 2. Shouldn't generally be let disturb hospital patient's sleep—□IN. 3. Some statesmen have more than once had this made of them—BU□T. 4. He's generally thought a poor fish to be intimidated by—□IFE. 5. Some hikers might feel ashamed of wanting—LI□T. 6. Has been known to create a fever—□OLD. 7. You'll get over mountainous country better with help of—CO□. 8. Change from skimpy to full one makes noticeable difference—B□ARD. 9. There may be more this for kiddies in new, post-war schools—□UN. 10. Sometimes put round about a house—YAR□. 11. Is of destructive nature—□EA. 12. Sets something in motion—F□N. 13. Bad one makes it unwise for captain to go at usual speed—□IST. 14. A man can play number of games of cricket without getting KN□CK.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated June 9, with *Bulletin* Double Number, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, May 28.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 431 John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.). Xword Result below "Bullets" Winners.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Royal Enfield

BICYCLES ARE MADE LIKE A GUN

THE ENFIELD CYCLE Co LTD REDDITCH.

Take *Lixen* when you need a laxative. Its natural action derived from senna pods, dispenses with the use of harmful drugs or purgatives. *Lixen* is without unpleasant after-effects in children or adults *LIXEN ELIXIR* in botts., 2/3, 3/11 *LIXEN LOZENGES*, fruit flavoured in bottles, 1/8. Purchase Tax included.

Made in England by ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED *Laxative*

L/55/G

You haven't experienced the luxury of the perfect shave unless you've used a Laurel — made from Sheffield's finest steel by Sheffielders in the home of the cutting edge.

LAUREL

THE GOOD-TEMPERED SHEFFIELD BLADE

1½D

Including Purchase Tax

Made by George Lawrence Ltd. of Sheffield

CVS-21

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in the position to give that to you free.

We teach nearly all the Trades and Professions by Post, in all parts of the World. Distance makes no difference. The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the World.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus. If you are undecided, write for my fatherly advice. It is free.

Direct mail to:

DEPT. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

AS LUCK HAD IT

C.M.F.

Dear Sirs, February 4th, 1945.

I am writing this letter in appreciation of your wonderful Yeast-Vite tablets.

As you will see by the address, I am a service man serving in Italy, and have just come out of hospital after a seven week spell. As luck had it I had asked my wife previous to going into hospital to get me your Yeast-Vite tablets and send them out here to me. When I got back to my unit the parcel was awaiting me, so I commenced to take two tablets after every meal in the hope that they would buck me up. To be quite candid, I felt 100% better than I did previously. That is the reason I had to sit down and send you my sincere thanks for helping me to feel O.K. once again. (Sgd.) L./CPL. W.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 or 3/3 size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your Chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock: he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/4 & 3/3 sizes (including purchase tax).
Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.

Excuse me— INNER CLEANLINESS comes first

For deepdown Inner Cleanliness, take Andrews regularly — not necessarily every day but as often as the system needs its health-giving aid. See how Andrews purifies: *FIRST*, it refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. *NEXT*, it settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion. *THEN*, it tones up the liver and checks biliousness, and *FINALLY*, to continue your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making impurities, relieves Constipation, and purifies the blood.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS

Family size tin 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

(54-14*)

SAXA

the best packet

SALT

CHADE
THE KEENEST BLADE IS CHADE
CHADE PRICES INCLUDING TAX
LONG EDGE (slotted—fits 3-peg razors) 2D
SLOTTED DE LUXE 2½D
THIN DE LUXE (3-HOLE) 2½D
STAINLESS (3-HOLE) 3¼D

For *Immediate RELIEF* from..

HEADACHE

Take **Cephos** See-fos

THE PHYSICIANS REMEDY

Sold everywhere in Tablet or Powder form, 8 Powders or 16 Tablets 1/3, 21 Powders or 42 Tablets 3/-. Single dose 2d. Including Purchase Tax.

Healthy dogs make good companions

Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. Your dog too will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.'

In packets 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S

Condition Powder Tablets

keep dogs fit

LION

FIRST AID

always Safe and Sure!

for CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS SEPTIC WOUNDS, BOILS CARBUNCLES, ABSCESSES ECZEMA, IMPETIGO.

Keep LION OINTMENT handy and apply at once. Cleanses quickly; heals safely. At your Chemist.

BURGESS' 1/3 & 3/-

LION OINTMENT

This POSTMAN says

"Wartime rounds are trying and don't improve stomach troubles. Since taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia I've got free of indigestion, and can enjoy my food without painful after-effects." The ingredients in this reliable remedy for digestive upsets neutralise all excess acid in the stomach, and relieve the symptoms of indigestion. Ask your Chemist today for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. 1/5 and 2/10 (Inc. Pur. Tax)

'Bisurated' Magnesia

I feel a new man since taking Phosferine

"I have been a regular user of Phosferine Tablets, taking them each day after meals. I have derived great benefit. Before I commenced taking the tablets I was run down in health, and suffering from nervous debility. As I am a Minister of Religion this greatly impaired my activities, but since taking Phosferine tablets I am glad to say my health has greatly improved, and I feel a new man."

(*Signed*) E. B., Birmingham.

To thousands of people Phosferine makes all the difference between chronic ailing, and a state of glowing health and efficiency. It can transform your outlook too and put new zest into your life. Give it a trial to-day.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)
(Including Purchase Tax)

2 Tablets equal 10 drops

PHOSFERINE

MF FOOD FACTS

NEW ways of using dried eggs

They'll help you to give variety to your cooking

Not everyone realizes the large number of ways in which dried eggs can be used. Here are some suggestions for using them in ways which will be new to many women.

Pastry looks better, tastes better, if you brush it over with a little reconstituted egg before baking.

It's quite easy to make hard-boiled eggs with dried eggs if you follow the instructions here.

To save fat in frying: Use reconstituted eggs for coating fish fillets, fish cakes, rissoles, bread, sliced cooked potato, before frying. You need less fat this way, as the egg forms a coating which stops the fat being absorbed.

A "fresh-flavour" tip for Scrambled Eggs: Have you tried adding a little mustard when making scrambled eggs? Add it with the other seasoning — half a teaspoonful of dry mustard for four eggs.

Hard-boiled eggs: Reconstitute the eggs in the usual way, and pour into well-greased egg-cups or moulds — one egg to a mould. Put the moulds into a saucepan of hot water coming half-way up sides of moulds, and simmer gently for 15 minutes, until set. Turn out by running a knife round the edge.

French Fry: Dip pieces of bread in well-seasoned reconstituted egg, soak well, and fry with bacon. This is more nourishing than fried bread and uses less fat.

THE PRESENT ALLOCATION of dried eggs is one packet per ration book each four-week period (as from April 29th); two for green books.

More children to get orange juice in May and June

Good news! Thanks to a temporary increase in supplies, the allocation of orange juice will be extended to include children from 5 to 10 years old, for eight weeks between May 7th and June 30th. If you are the mother of a child under 10, don't miss this chance of giving your child this valuable food, rich in Vitamin C. A bottle of orange juice costs 5d. Take your ration book and 5d. *in stamps* to your nearest distribution centre or Food Office.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 253

She knew he would kiss her that night

He was young, he was tall, he was handsome. Kay fell for him . . . but for all he noticed she might never have existed. Until that night she first used Poudre Tokalon . . . and found herself held in his arms. To use Poudre Tokalon is to know the thrill of allure. It's an adventure in beauty, too, to watch Poudre Tokalon merge smoothly and naturally with your skin. Poudre Tokalon is blended with Mousse of Cream for longer-lasting loveliness—silk-sifted for super-fineness.

In six glamorous shades, Apricot, Natural, Peach, Rose Peach, Brunette and Rachel.

Poudre TOKALON *for Longer-Lasting Loveliness*

Make it easy—have a MACLEAN SHAVE

1 *Wet the beard thoroughly.* **2** *Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.* **3** *Lather with plenty of water on brush.*

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed. **1/3** PER JAR

S.C.10

WE'RE NOT SHOOTING A LINE . . .

. . . but we're very proud of the fact that, since early 1942, we've been busy making P.I.A.T. anti-tank bomb projectors—busy helping to ensure direct hits as well as close shaves! But, when Piats aren't needed any more, Ever-Ready razors will still be sweeping the toughest bristles into unconditional surrender.

Ever-Ready

—the razor with the long-lasting blade of CORRUX Steel

EVER-READY RAZOR PRODUCTS LIMITED, LONDON, N.W.

New Hudson may in normal times pay a little more for materials, give a little more attention to manufacture, assembly and supervision than is possible in a bicycle produced *down to a price.* But their reward has been a lasting reputation — "one of the best cycles made in this country".

THE NEW HUDSON BICYCLE

Standard Wartime Models, with pump, tool bag and tools. Price £8 . 19 . 2 including Purchase Tax.

New Hudson Ltd., Small Heath, Birmingham, 11

No. 8

"... the years that the locust hath eaten ..."

Since 1939 large numbers of our men and women have been serving their country in the Forces.

Soon many of them will be returning to their homes, anxious to make a place for themselves in the life of a nation pursuing the arts of peace.

Constructive help will be needed in solving the many business problems that will confront them after long absence from the ordinary affairs of daily life.

The managers of the branches of the Midland Bank have a wealth of experience and knowledge in such matters which they will gladly place at the disposal of men and women—whether customers of the Bank or not—upon their return to civilian life.

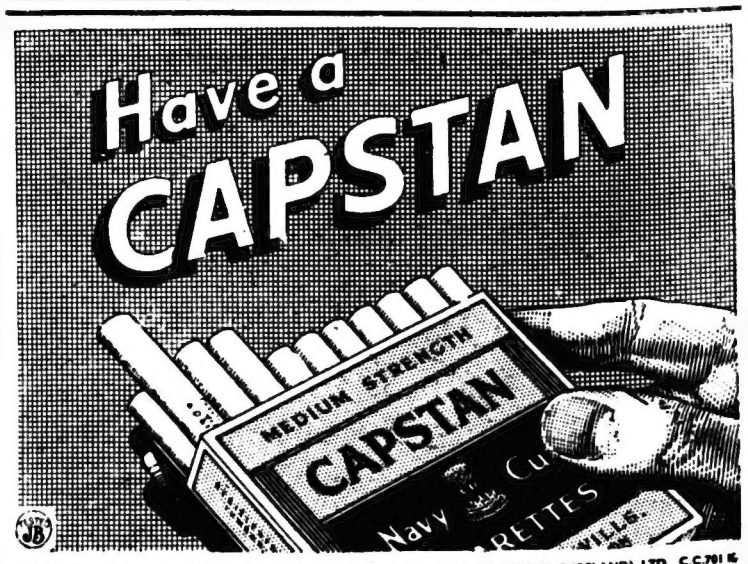
MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

Mirro's special detergent cuts through grease and dissolves sticky scum in seconds. Buy a 7d. giant canister of this "screen-sifted" non-scratch cleanser to-day.

Go Modern with MIRRO

THE SAFE SPEEDY CLEANSER

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



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